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THE
Accomplish'd RAKE:
OR,
Modern Fine GENTLEMAN.
BEING
An Exact DESCRIPTION
OF THE
Conduct and Behaviour
OF
A PERSON of Distinction.

*When Conqu'ring Vice Triumphant takes
[the Field,
Virtue Dethron'd must to its Pow'r yield;
And when Good Characters are all at stake,
The Best of Bad Ones is, th'Accomplish'd
[Rake.*

Printed in the Year M DCC XXVII:
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TO THE
BEAUS
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,



HERE is a certain Ingredient in the Compound of a Dedication, call'd Adulation or Flattery, which is a Weed grown so rank in this Age, that I am afraid it may offend your Nice Noses; and for that Reason, I am resolved to pull it up by the Roots, tho' it is very possible some of ye may believe there is no such Thing, since to Men of so much Merit all is due that can

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iv DEDICATION.

be said: But as I am now in a *Vein of Writing* something New to please ye, I intend to throw in a *Scruple* to the contrary Scale; and for once, let Truth and Justice hold the Balance. I know if I should tell ye of a *Thousand Fine Qualities*, to which ye can never make a Good Title, it would be no more than a *Weak Imitation* of my Predecessors: But as I now set up for an *Original*, my Words and Thoughts are to be entirely my own, and I alone accountable for them.

It is very likely ye may be a little surpris'd, that I should draw the Character of a Rake, then lay it under the Protection of a Beau: But I must tell ye, I had a very *Advantageous View*, when I pitch'd upon ye for my Patrons; for I thought ye were much more likely to stand by me, than the *Worthy Gentlemen* decypher'd in the following Sheets. There is certainly a good deal of Difference betwixt the Two Characters; for tho' the one may not altogether preserve the strictest

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DEDICATION. v

Morals; yet in many Cases, he is careful to avoid any Material Reflection on his Honour: For Example, he may have Bravery enough to leave his Country in Defence of it, whilst the other stays at Home to guard his own Dear Person and the Ladies: And I must own myself better pleas'd with the Courage and Conduct of a Real Engagement with the Spaniards, than in any Protestations of Stabbing your selves for Love.

But Gun-powder and Perfume is a very odd Mixture; and why should I talk of Battles to such a Peaceable Part of the Species? No! I shall confine myself entirely to your Nicer Qualities; and particularly, enlarge upon the Elegance of drawing Gold Snuff-Boxes instead of Daggers, and writing Billet-deux's instead of Challenges: And every one must give into this Way of thinking, who compares the Prudence of the one with the Rashness of the other. I could repeat a Thousand Things, wherein our
Pretty

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Pretty Fellows excell the Unpoliter Part of Mankind, and most will agree, it better to drink Barley-Water for a Smooth Complection, than Burgundy for a Red Face. Oh! how preferrable is the Charming Nonsense of our Gentilshommes des Amours to those Profane Oaths, which make so great a Part of the Conversation of Blustering Britons. It must be owing to the Bad Taste of the Age, that a great deal of Powder and White Hands should be call'd Foppery and Effeminacy; or, that the Gentle, Easy Study of Women and Dress, should be thought inferiour to that of Men and Letters; and sure they must mistake the Literal Sense of Beau, who don't call IT a Fine Gentleman.

To conclude, That your Fine Faces may receive no Freckles, your Embroideries no Tarnish; nor your Fortunes any Shock, are the Unfeigned Wishes of

GENTLEMEN,

Yours.



The Modern

Fine Gentleman.



OUNG Galliard who is to be the Subject of the following Leaves, will (with his own Inclinations, and a little of my additional Discipline) be a very exact Copy of the Title Page; for tho' I shall be very punctu-

l in delivering nothing but plain Fact in the fundamental Part of his Story, it is not impossible but by way of Episode I may intermix now and then a pretty little Lye, and since it is to be both little and pretty, I hope my Reader will excuse me if he finds me out, and let him convict me if he can.

The above-named Gentleman was born in one of the largest Counties in *England*; his Mother a Woman of Distinction, and claim'd

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a Share in some of the Best Blood in the Nation; her Education, perhaps, not very regular, an airy, roving Temper, unconfin'd, and free, would know no Bounds, nor bear the least Restraint. Pleasure was her Idol, at whose Altar she became a constant Votary, but the veriest Trifle in Domestick Affairs gave her insupportable Pain; two Days spent in the same Diversion was Abominable Pleasure, but fresh Delights were worth continued Notice. His Father was a Person of a very different Character, wise and prudent, yet had the utmost Tenderness for his Lady, and look'd on her weak Behaviour, as one would on a Sick Child; with Pity, not with Anger or Reproach. He had served his Country in many Reputable Capacities, and was just chosen Knight of the Shire, when the Small-Pox too fatally seiz'd him, of which in ten Days he dy'd; during which time he seem'd exceeding anxious for his Children, having, beside his Son, one Daughter, and both too young to be left to the Care of a negligent unmindful Eye. An Affair of this Importance requir'd more Time than he had now to spare; and how to manage for their Good jointly, with the Satisfaction of his Lady, he knew not. To leave them to her Care and Management [her Temper consider'd] was throwing them into the Mouth of Ruin; and to substitute another, at least while they were so very young, was shewing those Faults too plainly to the World, which his good Nature would fain have hid.

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even from himself. Many of his poor restless Hours were made infinitely more so, by those sad Reflections, yet the tender Regard he had for his Lady took place, and he at last determined to do nothing with his latest Breath that should give her the least Indifference for his Loss, he consider'd his Children were hers as well as his, and hoped when he was gone, she would then consider, there was none left either to indulge or wink at her Follies, would wisely remember her self a double Parent, and shew her true Concern for his Loss by a more than common Care of them. He therefore, 'ere his dying Moments came too near him, call'd her and his Children to his Bed-side, and thus address'd them: I have now before me all I hold dear on Earth, and it is no easie Task to go for ever from your Eyes; but I am now arrested by a cruel Hand which will take no Ransom, but insists upon a speedy Payment of that Debt I owe to Nature, nor will by any Means let go his Hold till my freed Soul shall take her Flight and find a Rest on some unknown Shore. Since then I must go, all that remains for me is to recommend those tender Pledges of our Love to the utmost Care of you, the dearest Partner of my Bed, and as a dying Request beg their Education may be such as may give them a true and early Notion of Vertue and Honour.

As for you my beloved Son, you are now turn'd of fourteen, you are blest with a promising Genious, and though you are yet but

young you may remember the Words of a Father, whose last Request to you is, That while you travel through this Life, you will learn to keep your Footsteps steady, that so they may neither sink you on one Side to the heavy dull Pedant, or raise you on the other to the light flashy Coxcomb, let a strict Vertue regulate all your Actions, despise and shun those Libertines who may strive to poison your Morals, be dutiful to your Mother, love your Sister, and marry a Woman of Vertue.

I leave you sole Heir to a very flourishing Estate, which has for two Centuries been in your Family, I beg you will never lessen your Ancestors by a Misapplication of those Talents Heaven has blest you with. I would say more but my Spirits grow faint, and I have now no more to do but die in Peace, and close my Eyes for ever. He had hardly done speaking when a Convulsion seized him, and catch'd his latest Breath, and in him died a worthy Patriot, a tender Husband, and a careful Father, in the thirty sixth Year of his Age, and had his dying Words been of any Force with those he left behind, his Children might have made as good a Figure in Life as their Predecessors had done before them, but Lady Galliard was left tolerably young, a good Face and a better Joynture, and dried up her Tears so soon, that Decency ashamed of such light Proceedings, with a Blush cry'd se, and left her.

Sure unjustly are we called the weaker Vessels, when we have Strength to subdue that
which

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which conquers the Lords of the Creation, for their Reason tyes them down to Rules, while we like *Sampson* break the trifling Twine and laugh at every Obstacle that would oppose our Pleasure. Lady *Galliard* had too much Resolution and Courage to struggle with Grief, but like an expert Fencer gave it one home Thrust and silenced it for ever, hardly allowing so much as the common Decorum of a Months Confinement to a dark Room, though her wild Behaviour told the World she was but too well qualified for such an Apartment for ever. But I now give up my Observations to Time, who will probably alternately bury and raise her Shame, to him I leave her for a while, and call upon young *Galliard* her Son, who is now arrived at one Step of Honour, being the Third Baronet successively of his Family, Sir *John* therefore for the future we call him, and if he behaves below his Manhood and Dignity, we must beg the Mother to answer for the Son, since the Father left no Example behind him, but what was worthy of the strictest Imitation, and had not the too hasty Hand of Death, snatch'd him hence so soon, his indefatigable Care had made his Son what he really was himself, a perfect *fine Gentleman*. It is a common Saying, *That Manners makes the Man*, but that Word, like Friendship, includes much more than is vulgarly understood by it, and a false Education like false Wit only serves to varnish over the Defects of our Scene and Behaviour, which when tried by a true Touchstone, lays

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us open and shews the Deformities of both. But if a wrong Discipline in Youth be so pernicious, what becomes of those who have none at all? How many young Gentlemen have we among the better Sort of Men, that are in a Manner wholly neglected and left to branch forth into numberless Follies, like a rich Field uncultivated, that abounds in nothing but tall Weeds and gaudy scentless Flowers. This is doubtless the Reason why the Town is so stock'd with Rakes and Coxcombs, who wisely imagine all Merit is wrapt up in fine Clothes and Blasphemy; a laced Coat, gold clock't Stockings, and a Tupee, qualifies a Man for a *modern fine Gentleman*, and if he can but whore, swear, and renounce his Maker, he is a *modern fine Gentleman* indeed. Too much like this it fared with our young Baronet, who is now left to think and act as he pleases himself, and he that is his own Teacher has too often a Fool for his Schoolmaster, tho' young *Galliard* did not want Sense, but on the contrary had more than could be expected from one of his Years, and yet alas, for want of due Measures, it grew up rank, and sprouted out with nothing but Excrescences. He now saw himself with the Eyes of Vanity, which was daily increased by the Flattery of the Servants, a Thing he liked so well that his whole Time was spent among the Grooms in the Stables, or the Wenches in the House; and doubtless his natural good Sense and acquired good Manners met with all the Improvement that such refin'd

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Conversation could furnish him with. Two whole Years slip away in a careless Lethergy, which lost Time was of much more value than the annual Rents of the Estate, considering one revolves, but the other is lost for ever. We generally expect a Man compleat at one and twenty, and two Years out of seven is too considerable to be trifled away, beside the sad Disadvantage of imbibing ill Customs, which like the King's Evil is seldom or never removed. The Neglect of this young Gentleman alarm'd all that loved his Father, which was just as many as knew his Worth; but in a near Part of the Neighbourhood lived one Mr. *Friendly*, who was always conversant with, and loved by the deceased; he in a very particular Manner lamented the Misfortune of the almost ruin'd Sir *John*, but knew not where to apply for a Remedy, the Knight was too young too thoughtless and too fond of his own Will to hearken to any Advice that did not concur with it. And for Lady *Galliard*, she was too positive, too proud, and too careless, either to be perswaded by her Friends, or to joyn in Concert with Reason for the Good of her Child. However, he had a Stratagem in his Head, which kind Chance furnished him with, and which he hoped might be of some Service to his Design, in order to put it in Practice, he made an Invitation to some of his nearest Neighbours, among which Lady *Galliard* and her Son were bidden; while they were at dinner, among the rest of the Attendants was a very spruce

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spruce, clean Footman, who had something in his Air that look'd as if he was not born one. Mr. *Friendly* seem'd to use him with some Deference, and said, pray *Tom* do so and so, *Tom* seem'd very diligent, but a little aukward, and some of the Company observ'd a Tear often starting into his Eyes, which gave them a Curiosity to enquire who he was, and that gave a good Lift to Mr. *Friendly*'s Design. Dinner was no sooner over than he took the Opportunity and gave the Company the following Account:

This young Fellow whom you all seem to enquire after, and whom I received but three Days ago into my Family, was the Son of a private Gentleman, who had a very easy Fortune in Life, but by an ugly Accident broke his Leg, which threw him into a Fever and kill'd him. This poor young Man who was then about twelve Years of Age, is too sad an Example of the Want of Care in a Parent, for his Mother though a very modest and good Sort of Woman, was extremely covetous, which prevented all that Care which should have been taken towards making her Son a Man, she fancied Time and Nature would do as much for nothing, as if she should put herself to a deal of Charge, which perhaps at last would turn to no Account. *Tom* on the other Hand loved Play and Idleness, hated School and Learning, said he would never have any Thing to do with crabbed *Greek* that stuck in his Throat, and was ready to choak him, tho'

now

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now and then for Variety he vouchsafed to make his Master a Visit, and handle a Grammar, though he was never rightly acquainted with its Rules. Time however would not wait till Reason thought fit to show him his Folly; so spur'd on by his boyish Inclinations, and no body to restrain them, he run on from one Diversion to another, grown perfectly headstrong and spoiled till he was twenty Years of Age, at which Time his Mother fell sick, some say broken hearted at his Proceedings, which she might thank herself for, but be that as it will, she then died, and he was left for the other Year to the care of an Uncle, who managed so well as to cheat him of Part of his Estate, and the rest as soon as he came to age he squandred away on Game-Cocks and Race-Horses: so that for want of due Discipline while he was a Boy, he was utterly ruin'd as too many of his betters have been before him, and is now grown up to Man as you all see under the honourable Circumstances of a Footman.

In all Probability *Lady Galliard* and her Son took the Application as it was designed to themselves, for they both coloured at the End of it, which Mr. *Friendly* perceived and was resolved to go on. We have the Advice of a very wise Man, proceeded he, to train up Youth as we would have them act when riper Years take place. Learning we all know is the first Step towards the Improvement of our Sense, as good Conversation is towards that of our Manners, and it is so hard a Matter to
bring

bring a Man to an exact Behaviour in Life that he ought not to loose one Minute in the pursuit of it. But Madam, continued he, addressing Lady *Galliard*, now we are upon this Topic, may I with the Freedom of a Friend ask your Ladyship how Sir *John* is to spend his Time till he writes Man, methinks I long to see him in the Road his worthy Father travelled, to draw whose Character requires too many Master-strokes for my shallow Capacity, nor would I attempt to delineate a Picture where the Original was so well known, your Fancies can form a better Judgment of his Perfections than a dull Description from an unable Tongue, in short he was worthy of the Name of Man; which all who stand erect cannot make a just Title to, it requires a pretty deal of Pains to distinguish our selves from Brutes, we must have a Share of Probity, Honour, Gratitude, Good Sense, and a Complacency for our Species in general, to render us worthy of that Name, so that all who are design'd for Men, are not rightly call'd so, till acquired Advantages confirm their Title. Sir, said a Gentleman present, methinks you arraign the Care of the Almighty, or his Judgment in making Man, if you say they are not born compleat, beside Mr. *Friendly*, good Sense is not an acquired Quality. To say I arraign Providence, return'd Mr. *Friendly*, when I affirm Man is not born perfect, is the same as to say, when I have a Thousand a Year given me, it is no Present unless the kind Donor sits down every Day to tell

tell me how to spend it. When the bountiful Hand of Heaven was opened to Man with the noble Gift of Reason, it left that very Reason to improve itself, and there it is we joyn with Beasts when we neglect to listen to it. I own good Sense is not an acquired Quality, but it is so very capable of the highest Improvement that with a small Latitude of Expression it may be called so, for he that takes it in its natural Simplicity and lets it lye fallow, may be justly said to bury his Talent, and it dwindles by degrees till it degenerates into down right Folly, and we may as well expect a Boy to speak *Greek* and *Hebrew* without being taught, as good Sense to keep its Ground without some Care to improve it. During this Discourse, Sir *John* sat very attentive, making his own private Reflexions upon the Design of it, he was very conscious he wanted Improvement rather than a Talent to improve, and soon guesst the Point of the darted Arrow was aimed at himself, or his Mother, which was equally piercing, because she had thus far indulged his Negligence, but as he had suck'd in a careless indolent Way of Life, he was now resolved to persist in it, and made the following Answer: I am too much a Boy Mr. *Friendly* to enter into Dispute with one of your solid Judgment, nor is it in my Power to baffle your Assertions, but I think—— Stay Child, said Lady *Galliard*, interrupting Sir *John*, you are not the Person concern'd in the oblique Affront, it is at me the side-long Glance is cast, and the Reproach reaches

reaches my Conduct, which possibly I could clear if I thought it worth my Trouble ; but as I am resolved to be always Mistress of my own Actions, I shall never think myself oblig'd to account for them to any body. Madam return'd Mr. *Friendly*, I blush to think your Ladyship can have such an humble Opinion of my good Manners, as to imagine I could say any Thing to you in my own House with a Design to affront you, I wish you would put a kinder Construction upon my Words, and believe they were spoke with a very different View, Sir *John Galliard* succeeds the Estate and Honour, of one of the finest Men in *England*, and can you Madam, who are a Party near concerned, blame those who loved the Father, if they wish to see the Son inherit his Vertues too. I own Mr. *Friendly*, replied Sir *John*, you have gloss'd your Affront with the best sort of Vernish, because it has the shining Appearance of Friendship, and I must likewise own I believe it is real, but while you make my Father (whose Memory I revere) a shining Brilliant, you seem to call his Son a worthless Pebble. I am not yet seventeen Years of Age and if I have lost a Year or two of Improvement, I may possibly make it up in my future Life, but if I never do, I shall not miss it, a Man of Fortune and a Fool may be highly content with what he has, but where there is the additional Blessing of a fine Genius to accompany that Estate, it will act like a prudent Merchant, who when he has acquir'd one Thou-

sand Pounds goes on and improves till he has
 got another. Even you yourself not seventeen,
 would call that Persons Conduct in question,
 who having but a hundred Pounds should daily
 spend it, and starve when it is gone; every
 Thing ought to be improved, or else we do not
 carry on the System of Life, as it was by Pro-
 vidence designed we should, and if our Money
 ought to be increased, sure our Sense should be
 so, which is infinitely more preferable, but I
 find all I can say meets with an unkind Re-
 ception, so let us drown the ungrateful Subject
 in his Majesty's Health. Which when ended
 the Ladies withdrew, and after Sir *John* had a
 little recovered his Temper, he ask'd Mr.
Friendly if he had a Mind to part with his new
 Footman *Thomas*: To which Mr. *Friendly* an-
 swered with his wonted good Nature, he had
 a Mind to do any Thing that could oblige Sir
John Galliard, and hoped, if he did part with
 him, he would believe that was the only Mo-
 tive: Upon which *Tom* was called in, and Mr.
Friendly asked him, if he had a Mind to change
 his new Master for a better? The young Man
 answered very hanfomly, That he had no rea-
 son to believe there could be a better, but as
 he had a new Fortune to raise in Life, he
 thought himself obliged to do his best in or-
 der to it. Then said Mr. *Friendly*, wait upon
 Sir *John Galliard* too morrow Morning, and
 receive his Commands. But Sir *John*, con-
 tinued he, if I resign my Footman to you, will
 you oblige me in another Point: There is a
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young Gentleman of my Acquaintance who would make an extraordinary Companion for you, he is a Man of Worth and Learning, and his Example and Instruction would, I am sure, be of use to you, if you are inclined to something in the Nature of a Tutor: Inform Lady *Galliard*, and let me know your Result, he is a Man of the best Sense, and if you go no farther than his good Conversation, it will help to keep up the Spirit of your own. Sir *John* told him, he desired nothing more than to oblige him, and what he proposed was very agreeable to him, and he was very sure Lady *Galliard* would not oppose it, so desired the young Gentleman, whose Name was *Teachwell*, might come to him the next Morning; which he did, attended by *Tom*. Things were immediately concluded, and he was fix'd in the Family under two Capacities, one as Chaplain to my Lady, and the other as Tutor to her Son. He was of a sober mild Behaviour, affable to all, but very industrious to bring his new Charge to a Sence of those Rudiments which Neglect had made him a Stranger too, and had so much good Fortune attended Sir *John* as to have sent Mr. *Teachwell* two or three Years sooner, it might have been of the first Consequence to him, but alas, he was now grown headstrong and past Advice. *Tom* behaved very well in the Family, and gained the Love of every body in it, but after he had lived two Years with Sir *John*, he came one Afternoon into the Dining-room, where his Master and

Lady

Lady were set at the Tea-Table, and desired to be dismiss'd, for he heard his Uncle was dead, and was impatient to know how Matters went in his Family, but said, if Sir *John* desired it, he would wait upon him again in a few Days. I do not see, replied Sir *John*, any Business you have to go at all, or what Expectations there can be from the Death of an Uncle who has left Children of his own, you may be sure when he cheated you as fast as he could, it was not with a Design to do you Justice at his Death. No Sir, returned *Tom*, I never expected any from him either dead or alive, but he has left but two Daughters, and one of them I think myself pretty sure of, though Absence perhaps may have made some Alteration, and that is, what with your Leave Sir, I would be satisfied in. Your most humble Servant, cry'd Son. Sir *John*, I find then you are going to compleat your happy Circumstances in that mighty Blessing call'd a Wife, I wish you Joy Sir, but I hope you are not in such violent haste but you can stay till I have filled up your Vacancy. For that Matter Sir *John*, said Lady *Galliard*, you may take *Dick*, or *Will*, 'tis pitty to hinder the poor Man, for there is nothing like close Application to keep a Woman's Inclinations steady; come Sir *John*, at my Request dismiss him for a while, and when he has secured his beloved *Dulcinea*, he will wait upon you again, at least till you can provide yourself to your liking. Sir *John* gave a consenting Nod, and *Tom* vanish'd. I always fancied, said

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Lady Galliard, that *Tom* grew weary of his Livery, and would have had you some Time ago to have found a better Place for him, it is not unlikely but that is the Reason why he is gone. When you urged it, Madam, return'd Sir *John*, your Reasons were all wrong, had he been born a Footman, Promotion might have made him thankful, because so much above his Expectations, but to turn him into a Gentleman again, would never do, for he would doubtless have thought all due to his own Merit, and have grown so curst proud upon it, that I should only have spoiled a very good Footman to make a very ill Vallet. While they were thus discoursing Mr. *Teachwell* came to them, and after some little Introduction to what he was going to say, he thus went on: I am a little surpris'd Madam, that neither your Ladyship, or Sir *John*, seems inclined to his spending a Year or two at the University, or making a Tour into *France* or *Italy*. I have been his daily Attendant these two Years, and have often lamented to see his Time elapse without that great Improvement his fine Genius is capable of. I intreat you Madam, to joyn your Commands to my Request, and let us prevail with him to see the World; and know something more than killing a Fox or Hare, than leaping a Gate or setting a Partridge. For Heavens sake Sir, rouse yourself from this careless Lethargy, which has so long benum'd your Senses, exert your Reason, and give it Leave to act for your own Advantage, I am ready and willing to wait

wait upon you any where, and hope I have not behaved so ill as to make you weary of my Company. You are come, answered Lady *Galliard*, in a very critical Juncture for the very next Thing I intended to say to Sir *John*, was to persuade him to spend a little Time at *Cambridge*, where I know his Father designed he should go, and it is what I as earnestly desire, you are now in your Nineteenth Year, and if you ever design to improve yourself, it is high Time to begin, I was never so earnest for your going before, though I fear you are but indifferently qualified for any Examination.

Sure Madam, replied Sir *John*, you do not imagine that Men of Fortune go there for Learning, or any Thing else but to amuse Time and spend it agreeably among the best Companions, it is turning Porter to carry a Load on our Backs, and Learning is certainly the worst sort of Luggage, under which we founder before we get half way on our Journey, let those tugg at Learning's Oar that are destined to live by it, for my Part I am well provided for, and will be no Beast of Burden, though to oblige you Madam, I do not care if I trifle away some Months there, and if I bring away no *Greek* or *Latin* I shall be sure to meet with the best Conversation in the World. Sir *John*, said Mr. *Teachwell*, whatever your Inducements are for going to *Cambridge*, I am very much rejoiced to hear you resolve upon it, and doubt not, but when you come there, you will think very differently from what you do now, and will see a

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great many worthy Gentleman of the first Rank tugging with Pleasure at that very Oar you have so lately mentioned, though few of them are unprovided for. But Madam, continued he, addressing Lady *Galliard*, will your Ladyship be pleased to take Sir *John* in the Mind, and forward his Departure with the utmost Expedition.

Lady *Galliard* accordingly gave order to have all Things got ready, and in a Weeks Time he was to go, but the Morning before he was to begin his Journey, whether it run in his Head a little more than ordinary, or that he had any other Disturbance, I know not, but he was up some Hours before his usual Time, and after a Walk in the Garden, ran up to Mr. *Teachwell's* Chamber, whom he found in a very thoughtful Melancholy Posture. Sir *John*, after the morning Compliment, asked him, if he was thinking of his next Days Journey. He said no, his Thoughts were imployed on a more important Affair: What, I warrant, returned Sir *John*, you were thinking on your last Journey, and after what Manner you shall get to Heaven. You are out again, Sir, said *Teachwell*, it was of less Importance than that too. But ask no farther I entreat you Sir, Knowledge is what we often seek after, but Ignorance gives us the most Ease. Then what the Devil are we going to *Cambridge* for, reply'd the Knight, I always told you Knowledge was a damn'd troublesome Thing, and yet methinks your last Words have rais'd my Curiosity, they seem to have

have something ambiguous in them, and sound as if I were a party concern'd; I am however, too well assured of your Veracity, to believe you would know and yet conceal any thing to my Disadvantage, I therefore insist on a clear Explanation of what you have said, and as you value my future Friendship, be brief without Reserve. Sir *John*, returned *Teachwell*, none breathes that Wishes your Happiness more than I do, and it is to preserve it, I would keep this secret to myself, but as we all lie under an indispensible Duty of preventing Evil if in our Power, I think it mine to acquaint you with this Affair, that you may endeavour to put a Stop to a very pernicious one, which at present rages in your Family, know then [but arm yourself with Patience to hear it] your Mother is the Criminal.

My Mother, cry'd Sir *John*, with the utmost Surprise, my Mother a Criminal, how, when, where, what is her Crime? Who her Accuser, who dare accuse her? Speak Distractor, or ——— Be calm Sir *John*, interrupted the good Man, least your too furious Vindication of her Honour, should expose it more, the Family I believe is at present unapprised of the Matter, and unless her Woman be privy to it, as sure she must, I think myself the only Person who have found it out, which I by the greatest Accident did this very Night, when I came up to Bed I cast my Eye upon *Moliere*, which lay upon my Table, and got so deeply engaged in it, that I read till almost two a-Clock:

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a-Clock: There is a little wooden Window yonder at my Bed's-head, which looks into the great Hall, and which I never opened in my Life till this Night, because I always took it for a Cupboard, which I had no Use for. Before I had a Mind to part with the Companion in my Hand the Candle burnt out, and when I had thrown the Snuff in the Chimney and was getting to Bed in the dark, I thought I saw a Gleam of Light in the Cupboard, as I took it to be. I went immediately to it, perhaps a little startled at a Thing so unexpected, and trying to open it, found it very ready to comply, not so willing were my Eyes to consent to the Sight they met with, which was Lady *Galliard* hanging upon the Arm of a Man, the Light shaded so that I could not command a full View of his Face, but fancied he resembled *Tom*; I ran immediately to my Chamber-Door, which I opened before they came within hearing, and flew to the End of the Gallery, which you know faces my Lady's Lodgings, and there I saw *Tom* so plain that I was soon convinced I was not at first mistaken, they both went in together and left me in a State so restless, that I have never either warm'd my Bed or closed my Eyes this Night: Oh Sir *John* I grieve for your Distress, nor am I less at a Loss how to advise you on this sad Occasion. Sir *John* who till now had never been touch'd to the quick, flung himself on Mr. *Teachwell's* Bed, where his Eyes gave vent to a heaving Passion, he indulged it for some Time and then got up crying

crying out with transport, tell me Mr. *Teachwell*, for you know the World, tell me I say, are all Women such? O say they are, and give my Mind some ease. Hum, Sir *John*, said *Teachwell*, you may with the same Reason ask, when you see a Malefactor executed, whether all Men deserve the Gallows. No, Vertue forbid, one single Faulter should infect the whole Species. Women no doubt, are made of the very same Stuff that we are, and have the very same Passions and Inclinations, which when let loose without a Curb, grow wild and untameable, defy all Laws and Rules, and can be subdued by nothing but what they are seldom Mistresses of.

What shall I do, cry'd the enraged Sir *John*, shall I ever more behold the Face of her that gave me Being? Can I survive the Infamy she has brought upon her Family, or be so much an Accomplice in her lewd Proceedings as to suffer her Paramour to live? No! I'll first make that Dog a Victim to my just Resentment, and then leave the Kingdom where I must share the Scandal, though I am innocent of the Crime. Death, I now can penetrate into all, and fairly see the whole Design, first to secure the Gallant, and then to banish her Son, whom she would never hear of parting with, till now Confusion seize him, how I long to drench a Poniard in his lustful Heart. Ah Sir *John*, return'd *Teachwell*, how Nature mixes it self with your Displeasure, I see you would fain lay a Mother's Crime to the Charge of one whose
humble

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humble Thoughts were deprest too low for such aspiring Hopes, had not something more than bare Encouragement raised them, but as I have been the unhappy Discoverer of this Intreigue, I would by all Means divert you from a cruel and dangerous Revenge, Murder is certainly a greater Crime than Fornication, and while you would wash out your Mother's stain, you blot your own Character, without Success in your Endeavour, again, to kill the Man, would only serve to fill Fame's Trumpet, and that which is but whisper'd now in your own House, would in a few Days be sounded all the Nation over, beside Women of a warm Constitution, if they loose one Lover will soon provide themselves of another. So that what I would advise you to is this, defer your intended Journey to Morrow, and find an Opportunity to catch them together, reproach her [as you justly may] with stigmatizing her Family, get her Promise of banishing the Fellow, and then persuade her to marry. As for my designed Journey return'd the Knight, I have already lay'd it by and am resolved to leave the Kingdom, but first I must lay a Charge at a Mother's Door, and in such bitter Invectives as cannot fail to shock my very Soul, even while the Words are yet upon my Tongue. Yes, this Night I will surprise them together, which I can easily do, for last Week I found in my Father's Study a Key, which commands all the Doors in the House, Lady Galliard's Chamber is within the little Dining-room, the
Door

Door of which is always open for the Advantage of the Air, so that I can convey myself into her very Bed-chamber without the least Noise, and my Key will let me into the Dining-room: But how, dear *Teachwell*, tell me how to govern my exasperated Spirit, to chain up the wild Emotions of my just Resentments, say, is it possible for me to see that Dog in my Father's Bed with Temper? Can I behold a guilty Mother's Shame, and stand unmoved at such a vile Accomplish. O *Teachwell*, my Reason leaves me, and I grow distracted at the Thought; say then, if the bare Thought can rack my tortured Soul, what shocking Horror will attend the Sight? I know Sir *John*, replied Mr. *Teachwell*, your Anger, Pride, Shame and Confusion, are altogether up in Arms, hurrying you on to dire Revenge, but I have already said all I can to divert your Hand from Blood, and have no more to do than to beg you will put it out of your own Power to do an Action which may bring you many Days of Repentance, as well as the Hazard of your own Life, by going arm'd with nothing but your Patience, that Weapon can do no Harm, and a very little Time will cool your Blood, and set your Reason in its proper Place. Come Sir, if you please, we will go down and try to dispel those angry Vapours which croud your Understanding and strive to eclipse your natural good Nature; I advise you to feign an Indisposition to retard your design'd Journey, and a little Time will too certainly convince you.

Our

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Our young Knight had no Occasion, to feign an Indisposition, the real Agitations of his Mind had made him exceedingly restless and disordered, which Lady *Galliard* at dinner took Notice of, and said, I fear Sir *John*, you are not well to day, for you neither eat nor talk as usual. I believe Mamma, said Miss *Dolly* his Sister [of whom we have hardly yet spoke] My Brother is in love with our *Jane*, for I saw him kiss her one Day when she was making my Bed, and she has been so proud ever since that I can never get my Tea in a Morning till she has done. This made a little Mirth quite round the Table, and forced a Smile even from the disturb'd Sir *John*, to hear the young Tell-tale; but the rest of the day went off with the utmost Impatience for Night, and no transported Lover, who was to sink into the Arms of a yielding Mistress ever wish'd for it more; at eleven of the Clock Sir *John* propos'd going to bed, as having not rested well the Night before. Lady *Galliard* seem'd sleepy and was ready to comply; all dispers'd seperately to their several Apartments, only Sir *John* got privately into *Teachwell's* Chamber, where he placed himself, in the dark, at the little Window, to watch whether *Tom* was convey'd the same way as the Night before: The House was now grown very still, when Sir *John* discovered a Light in the Hall, and in short every Thing contributed so much toward his Expectation that he was extreamly mortified with the cutting Sight. He gave them Time to get to Bed

and then prepared with trembling Steps to visit them in their Retirement, he got by the Assistance of his Key in the Dining-room, without any Noise, and coming to the Chamber-door, he heard his Mother in the Heighth of Passion, say as follows: And is it thus you reward all the tender Sentiments I have had for you? Can it be possible that what you say is real? And can you barbarously snatch yourself from my Arms when I so fondly gave myself to yours? Have I not sacrificed my Honour to the irresistible Love I had for you, and in a Manner banish'd my only Son, whom I could never think of parting with before, that so no Interruption might break in upon our happy Hours, did I not invent a Way to disengage you from your Master's Service, because I could not bear the Thought of cruel Separation, and do you after all, tell me you must be gone, O Monster of Ingratitude, unsay that Word, and save a Heart that breaks when e'er you leave it. Madam, said Tom, I do acknowledge you have loaded me with unexpected, as well as undeserved, and unsought Favours, but I entreat your Ladyship to remember, that when you first discover'd your Passion in a Letter you gave me one Day, the first private Interview I had with you, I laid before you the Inconveniencies that must inevitably attend what you proposed, yet nevertheless I have been subservient to your Will, even to the Hazard of my Life, and the disturbing of a quiet Mind. Then replied Lady Galliard, to put you out of

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Danger

Danger and remove your inward Disorder, but above all to convince you of my utmost Esteem take one Promise more, and that a superior one to all I have ever yet made you, I'll marry you the Hour Sir *John* leaves me. O Madam, answered *Tom*, those Misfortunes which before hung loose upon my Shoulders are now, by so kind an Offer firmly riveted, and that Secret must come to Light which has so long been hid in Obscurity, know therefore to my eternal Uneasiness I am married already, and to the very Person my abused Master thinks I am gone to, this I had told you at first, but that I hoped your Passion would have worn out with a few Nights Enjoyment, and I found an inward Check when I first complied, but if we once come to consult with Flesh and Blood, they certainly get the better, and the most forcible Arguments are on their Side. The impatient Sir *John* no longer able to hear, enter'd at these last Words, and snatching up a Taper which stood upon the Table, he ran to the Bedside with as much Temper as he could possibly command, just when Lady *Galliard* was going to swoon, but one Surprise beat back another, and the fresh Concern of her Son being so near, recall'd her sinking Spirits, though poor Sir *John* lost his, for the blasting Sight had such an Effect upon him, that his Tongue faulter'd, his Hand trembled, and his Legs not able to support his Weight, lay'd him speechless on the Floor. The guilty Couple in Bed took the Advantage of his retired Reason, and

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e're he could recover it, had gotten on their Clothes and left the Room. *Tom* made the best of his Way, from a House he was now grown weary of, and consequently never desired to see again, but *Lady Galliard*, who had always been subservient to Nature, was now touch'd with it in behalf of her only Son, and no sooner saw her favourite Footman gone than she returned to her Chamber, where she found *Sir John* as she left him, in a happy State of Ignorance, she then call'd for help, which with the Assistance of Time brought him to himself, but the Return of his Senses were accompanied with such Reproaches as let *Lady Galliard* into the Secret of her own Character, but as she was a Woman of the most consummate Assurance, it gave her the least Disturbance in Nature. And is it thus Madam, said the recovered *Sir John*, that you treat the Memory of the deceased, and the remaining Part of him, his Children do you imagine while your Honour suffers Shipwreck, that ours can escape the Storm, or even his that is no more, do you not rake up his Ashes to Disgrace and Infamy, calling his Fondness Folly, that could doat of so much Ingratitude, and believe a Woman could be faithful, Good Heaven! Was there nothing in the Race of Mankind to please a depraved Appetite, but a worthless Footman— Pardon me, Madam, continued the Knight, I now recollect you are my Mother, but beg you will likewise remember I am your Son, and you the first Aggressor, and if a criminal

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Behaviour should alinate the Duty and Affections of your Children from you, say to your self, but say it softly, I deserve it all. While Sir *John* was going on with his just Invectives, Lady *Galliard* was studying an Evasion, and thought as the Fellow was gone clean off, and her Son had for some Time been senseless, it would be no hard Matter to persuade him all he saw and heard, was Delusion or a Dream, and answered as follows: I own Sir *John*, your Words are extremely shocking to me, because I plainly see your Brain is turn'd, nor dare I so much as ask you the Meaning of them, lest it should throw you into a farther Delirium, but beg you will give me leave to call up some of the Servants again, that they may help me to convey you to your Bed, I was afraid of some growing Distemper, when I saw you indisposed at dinner Yesterday. I confess, return'd Sir *John*, such Proceedings where a Man is so nearly concern'd, may well be thought to turn his Brain, and my Confusion, Grief, and Shame is too great to bear many Witnesses. No! Madam, I can go to my Bed without Assistance, but remember you have destroyed the sweet Repose that should attend me there, and do you after all to excuse yourself, persuade me I am deaf and blind, would I could wipe away those Faults which busy Time is laying up in store, and will at last produce to your Confusion, O would I could blot them out, though even at the Expence of Eyes and Ears which at present are of no use to me, but

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to confirm the ill Opinion you have too justly given me of your Conduct, and I am now so far let into Women's Frailty, that the whole Race of Mankind should cease e're I would endeavour to increase my own Species. Heaven! That it were in my Power to believe myself deceived, but Madam you may be assured this unhappy Son of yours is not the only Witness to your Weakness. I will now leave you, though with much Concern, and hope you will make some home Reflections on your past Actions, how far my tottering Principles may suffer by such Examples I cannot yet determine, but if you never see me more, do not rack your Invention for the Cause.

At those Words Sir *John* with some Precipitation left the Room, where Lady *Galliard* continued in much Confusion, and spent the rest of the Night in Tears, perhaps more for the Loss of the Lover gone, than the Son going, but that which touch'd her most sensibly, was telling her, he was not the only Witness to her Faults, that nettled her exceedingly, and she would fain have been informed, who it was that shared the Secret with her Son, but fear'd to ask him any Questions, lest they should be answered with new Reproaches; but being impatient of Spies about her, she resolved to rid herself of every Mortal in the House, except her Woman who was privy to all her Affairs. Sir *John* she thought would soon steer his Course towards *Cambridge*, and then she might make what Revolutions in the Family she had

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a Mind to: Accordingly in two Days he took his Leave, attended only by Mr. *Teachwell* and one Servant, the latter after three or four Miles riding, Sir *John* ordered to keep at some Distance, and then applied himself after the following Manner to his Tutor. I believe Mr. *Teachwell*, I shall a little surprize you when I tell you, I am absolutely bent against the Journey you think I am going to take. The Seat of Learning is no Place for me, I now begin to have a Taſt for Pleaſure, and am reſolved to ſpend my Days where I may glut myſelf at the Fountain-head, *London* therefore is the Way, the very Road which I intend to travel, leads to that glorious City ſo much extoll'd by all that have a Taſt for true Delight, thither I mean to go, and try to wear away thoſe diſagreeable Thoughts which gnaw and interrupt my Eaſe and Peace, you will I doubt not, diſapprove of my Deſign for double Reaſons, I know you will be anxious for my Welfare, and perhaps a little dubious about your own, but I will certainly ſee you well provided for before we part, and for my own Actions I am fully determined to let them take their ſwing. Mr *Teachwell* who had been forming many Schemes in his own Breſt for the Advantage of his young Charge, liſtned to his Reſolutions with the extreameſt Concern, and told him, he very greatly fear'd the ſucceſs of his unadviſed Deſign, and pardon me Sir *John*, continued he, if I ſay you are in the Height of Danger, and may very poſſibly liſt yourſelf under

under the Banner of Knaves and Fools, for know Sir *John*, to the great Discredit of Humanity, there is a superiour Number of that sort to those of a different Character. You are young, raw, and unpractised in the Artifices of those Men, and when you have bought Experience at too high a Price, you will have more Time for Repentance than perhaps you will care to bestow upon it. I wish my Words were of any Force with you, I should then with Pleasure multiply them, but to my very great trouble I find you resolute and past all Advice, but what you give yourself. Would but that great Share of Reason which Heaven has bestow'd upon you, interpose betwixt you and Ruin, it would advise you to seek out some Improvement, and if you dislike Learning, spend a Year or two abroad, make a Tour into *France* and *Italy*, and since you love not Books, read Men, study your own Species through every Stage and Scene of Life, then try whether it be possible for one of your early Sence to give into the grosser Part of Mankind, and joyn their guilty Actions with Ease and Approbation. Mr. *Teachwell*, replied Sir *John*, I cannot but own the Justness of your Remarks, and will always acknowledge they are greatly worth my Notice, but I am young as you yourself observe, and Pleasure must be had whatever it cost.

Pleasure Sir *John*, said *Teachwell*, is in strictness no longer so, than while like an easy Meal it goes lightly of the Stomach, without leading
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or loathing, and what we vulgarly call Pleasure too often includes a great many criminal Actions, could I by strength of Argument be so happy as to instill an innocent Notion of Pleasure into your Breast, I should gain a very considerable Point, but you are now going to a Place where Religion, Vertue, Sobriety, and in short every Action worthy Praise is by the gay and young exploded. To carry you through the Course of the Town, you must learn the following Axioms: You are to kill your Man before you can be reckoned brave, you must destroy your Constitution with Diseases e're you are allow'd a Man of Gallantry, unman yourself by immoderate drinking, to qualify you for a boon Companion; blaspheme your Maker by execrable Oaths and Curses to avoid all Shew of sneaking Religion; and if Fortune forgets to be your Friend, while the Dice are in your Hand, you must fling away your Estate to some wining Bully, lest you should pass for a Man of Prudence and Thought, which brings you to the last Degree of Misery, and you are a Beggar before you know your Danger. And thus Sir *John*, I have describ'd the Modern Man of Honour, which in my Opinion is the most dishonourable Man upon Earth, from which Character as from the Plague may Heaven always keep you.

But why a Man of Honour, return'd Sir *John*, is Honour concern'd in any of the Crimes you have named? Yes, replied *Teach-*
well in the major Part of them, as the World

goes,

goes, for if you receive a Challenge and refuse to answer it, your Honour bleeds to save your Carcass; if you have an Intreigue with a fine Woman, though another Man's Wife, you will readily tell her you have too much Honour either to disappoint her, or tell again; When you have lost a Thousand Pounds at play, tho' you have not a Hundred to answer it with, you cry, 'tis a Debt of Honour, and though my Family at home should starve, it must and shall be paid. Indeed as to drinking and swearing, I think there is not much Pretence to Honour, nor did I ever hear any body lay a Claim to it on those Occasions, but alas, it is very falsely placed where it is lay'd, and Honour like a Virgin's Vertue is too nice to be finger'd by every dirty Hand that knows not the Value of what they fully; No! Sir *John*, a Man of true Honour will avoid every Action that cannot be answer'd for by it: Remember what your Favourite *Hudibras* has said upon that Topick.

*Honour is like that glassy Bubble
Which give Philosophers such trouble,
Whose least Part crack'd the whole does fly, &c.*

Now if a Breach in Honour be like one in the Commandments, how careful should we be to make a just Title to every Branch of it, believe me Sir, the Word Honour, is no more than a strict Observance of that Duty we owe to God and Nature, and when we fail in any Part,

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Part, the smallest Breach extends itself till it becomes a dreadful Chasm, gaping with Pleasure to devour every Action that Vertue and Reason commends. It is commonly said Example goes beyond Precept, and we are certainly too apt to follow a Multitude in doing Evil. Fashion (both in Dress and Action) is what we all imitate, though never so ridiculous, and when our Faults are once in vogue, it is then a Crime to think them such, because what every body does, no body thinks wrong, or at least no body will own they do.

How often, return'd the Knight, have I told Mr. *Teachwell* he is an excellent Preacher, and what a pitty 'tis he has not now a fuller Audience, tho' there are some Criticks that would have charged you with too hasty a Transition from Honour to Fashion, which I pass over because I know your Zeal. Come Mr. *Teachwell* I believe you are my Friend, and as such I will always use you, but I now beg we may have no more of this grave Stuff, it is Fortune only that divides our Opinions, she has confined your Notions of Pleasure by a scanty Pattern, while mine, is dilated by a more affluent Turn of her precarious Wheel, and when we get to *London*, perhaps I may do better than you imagine.

I hope Sir, answered *Teachwell*, you do not take Heaven's Favours as a Toleration for misusing them, they were design'd for Blessings which they will never prove if, wrong applied and you are extreamly out when you imagine
Plenty

Plenty makes the Rake, because I have known many of that Character reduced to the lowest and lowebb, who have yet pursued what you call Excess of Pleasure with as strong a Gouge as Sir *John Galliard*, can possibly do in the midst of a fine Estate: Again, I have seen a Man whose lavish Fortune has defied Extravagancy, yet reduced to the Want of Necessaries, because he wanted the Heart to enjoy his Wealth, so that it is here every plain, neither Poverty nor Riches make the Happy or the Wretched, but the Want of due Application has many Profelytes of the latter Sort, and it is Depravity of Inclination that must Answer for the Failure, but I find this Sort of Conversation is perfectly disagreeable, and though I know myself obliged to urge it farther, the Despair which attends my Hope of Success puts my good Designs to silence, yet I have one Question to ask, which I suppose will be neither improper or impertinent: How do you expect to be supplied with Money at *London*? I doubt Lady *Galliard* will be exasperated at your willful Journey, that she will be a little backward in answering your expensive Demands; for *London*, Sir *John*, is no Place of Pleasure if a Man pulls out an empty Purse in it. Those Mr. *Teachwell*, answered Sir *John*, who make false Steps themselves, will never be surprized to see another stumble, Lady *Galliard* will certainly give Liberty as well as take it, and while she considers her own Conduct will never be anagony with mine, but if she should happen to like her

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her own Faults better than other Peoples, (as I believe most Folks do) and should deny to answer a few extraordinary Expences, I have been told there are Scriveners in *London*, and it is but taking up upon the Reversion at last, you know I am now pritty well advanced in my nineteenth Year, and shall e're long command what I am now forced to sue for. Mr. *Teachwell* was just going to enter his Protest against that unhappy Project of taking up on the Reversion, when they were overtaken by a Coach and Four, which inclosed Mr. *Friendly*, his Lady and Daughter, going to *London*; he was he was full of Astonishment to see Sir *John Galliard* on that Road, because he thought him gone to *Cambridge*, and had accordingly taken leave of him a few Days before. Sir *John* was surprized as well as Mr. *Friendly*, and not in a very good Condition to excuse himself, he knew some Questions would come from the Coach, which he could not very readily answer, but being resolved to pursue his own eager Desires after Pleasure, he thought it best to look easy, and seem pleased that Fortune had favoured him with such good Company; then turning his Horse's Head towards the Coach, he saluted the Ladies with an Air of profound Civility, and expressed the greatest Satisfaction at a Prospect of such entertaining Company to *London*, for thither I am going Mr. *Friendly*, and beg you will not lecture me, because Mr. *Teachwell* here, has done it already so very home, that if my Will, like the Laws of the

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Medes and *Persians*, were not unalterable, I should e're now, by Dint of Argument, have been beaten out of this Road, but Resolution added another Spur to my Heel, and has kept my Horse's Head forward; I dare say Mr. *Friendly*, you can remember since you thought it hard Young Men should not indulge.

Sir *John* [said the Modest Mr. *Friendly*] when the Beginning of our Days are called to Account by the Middle Part of them, we generally answer with a Blush. I must own, though I was never head-strong, or past Advice, I can call a great many inadvertent Actions to Mind, which I am now ashamed of. I know, Youth, like a Wild Horse, is ungovernable, and loves no Reins or Bit, till Years and Experience cure the Folly; but for your Part, Sir *John*, you are a Man of so much good Sense, that I shall leave you wholly to the Dictates of it, without the least Admonition, tho' never so kindly design'd, or received. I fancy you have no Acquaintance at *London*, and wish, when you have, they may all prove *Sterling*: In the mean time, if you please to command a Bed at my House, both that and my Table are at your Service, as long as you will honour me with your Company.

Sir *John* seemed very sensible at so Kind an Offer, and when they got to *London* accepted of it, to which Place Three Days more conveyed them; where I shall for a While leave Sir *John*, and cast an Eye back to Lady *Galliard*, whose Story would end very abruptly, unless a

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little further pursued. I left her somewhat uneasy in her Mind, with a Design of turning away her whole Set of Servants, because her Son had assured her, there was some in the Family privy to her Mismanagement; and since she knew not where to fix the Knowledge of her Failings, was resolved to turn out all at once [her Woman excepted, as I said before] not considering, that had any of them been in the Secret her Proceedings was the only Way to publish her Faults all over the Country: But she consulted nothing further than getting rid of her Spies; and the poor innocent Servants who knew nothing of the Matter, were turned off with no Satisfaction but their Wages, full of Wonder at so sudden a Revolution. Miss *Dolly*, her Daughter, was now grown a great Romping Girl; and lest she should turn Observer too, was sent to a Boarding-School to confirm that Character; for, as the poor young Creature had always been left to her own Will, running about the House like a tame Rabbit, or rather a wild one: she had no Notion of any thing but Play and Impertinence, which turned her Instructions into the most Ridiculous Imitations; so that Mr. *Hop* her Dancing-Master only fixed the Hobble in her Pace, and Mr. *Quaver* made her squall worse than *Grey-Maulkin* making Love; all Musick in general was her Aversion, and every sort of Work she abhorr'd. The *French* Tongue she chew'd and mumbled, till it banished her *English*, without taking its Place, and she gab-
bled

bled so many Incoherences, that her Master in a Passion left her, and said, he should teach her a new Language, till she knew none at all. However, there she was placed, if not to improve, at least to waste her Time; she was neither Ugly, or a Fool, but had a sprouting Pride, and a full-grown Ill-Nature, which blasted the Blossoms of her Wit and Beauty. In short, she had more of the Mother than the Father; and here I leave her for some Time to get a-head, then catch her again, when she thinks herself out of my Clutches. Lady Galliard having thus cleared her House of every inspecting Eye, entertained a New sett of Servants, but not so much to the Advantage of either Fortune or Credit as she expected; for Tom [the Occasion of the general Remove] was now to be recalled, though at the Expence of both, and the following Invitation was accordingly sent him from his Lady's own Hand.

I *T is now but a few Days since I had some Reasons for parting with all my Servants. The Vacancies which the Steward and House-keeper made are yet to be fill'd up; and if Your Wife and You think them worth Your Acceptance, they shall be Yours, with all Encouragement from*

B. GALLIARD.

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This Letter was wrote for the View of the Wife, tho' the first that was ever sent with that Design; which she no sooner read, than she seemed transported, because she knew nothing of the previous Intrigue betwixt the Lady and her Husband. But *Tom*, not quite so ignorant, was fill'd with very different Sentiments from those his Wife indulged upon such a happy Occasion [as she, poor Fool, thought it] he foreknew what Accounts would be expected from his Stewardship, and plainly saw, while his Wife kept the House, she must give up her Right to his Affections, which he thought within himself was a little hard: But the Offer being so very advantageous, and his Innocent Wife amazed at the full stop he made; after some Minutes Silence, he considered it was impossible to refuse it, without discovering the whole Affair, since no other Objection could be made; and therefore sent her Ladyship Word, they would both wait upon her as soon as they could put their own small Concerns into a little Order. This made Lady *Galliad* perfectly easy as to that Point; but then a dissatisfied Blast blew fresh upon her Hopes, when she considered what the Sentiments of her Inraged and Absent Son would be, when he once came to see, or hear the Defiler of his Mother's Bed was again returned: but her sanguine Temper soon dispell'd the Mist that would have clouded her warm Imagination, and she was resolved to hope Sir *John* would like a College-life so well, that
some

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some Years would drop before he came again. But while she was pleasing her self with Thoughts of this kind, the Post-man knock'd with a Letter for her; the Hand she knew was Mr. Teachwell's, and making a Ready Passage to the Inside, she read these Words:

M A D A M,

THE Concern which attends my Hand, while I send Your Ladyship this Account, makes me almost unable to Write at all. It proceeds from a double Cause, First, I dread the impending Ruin which may attend Sir John in this New World of Temptation; and next, I fear You will blame my Care and Conduct, that has not diverted his Design in Coming here: But may his Misfortunes be as far from him, as my Endeavours and Persuasions were near at Hand when he first assured me he would go to London: Yet let this bring You some Consolation, he is now under Mr. Friendly's Roof and Care, with whom I shall always join in giving the Best Advice I am able, as he does now with me, in sending

Our most Profound Respects
to Your Ladyship.

London,
Oct. 20.

E. 3.

Lady.

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Lady *Galliard* read this Letter with a vast deal of Surprise, because she never knew Sir *John* seem to be the least desirous of going to *London*; and it was very likely such a Resolute Action would have given her a considerable share of Uneasiness, had not a Prospect of her own Satisfaction banish'd the present Concern. She was now unapprehensive of any Interruption in her own Faulty Pleasures, and with Reason believed those of the Town would so firmly engage her Son, that she might with the greatest Safety indulge her self in the Criminal Company she best liked. But whatever her private Sentiments were on this Occasion, she thought it very proper to shew some Resentment; which she did in a Letter to her Son filled with Reproaches, both for his want of Respect and Duty to her, and for going to *London* with so much Obstinate Folly, before he had spent a Year or two at a Place more proper for him. However, she expressed her Satisfaction, that he was under Mr. *Friendly's* Care; and begg'd him to continue with him, as he valued either his own Good, or her Favour. Sir *John* received the Epistle, read the Rebukes with perfect Indifference, and took the Advice as far as he thought fit; yet it must be own'd in his Favour, that while Mr. *Friendly* continued in Town he kept to pretty good Decorum, which was some Months; and since I have nothing to say of the Knight at present, rather than lose so much Time, I think fit to return into the Country, and see how Things

Things are transacted at *Galliard-Hall*, where I no sooner entered, than I saw *Tom* and his Wife arrive, one to take Possession of a New Place, and the other of his Old one. To say much upon this Head would swell my Episode to a Bulk too large; but though I would avoid Irregularity, I cannot but fancy the Reader will be a little curious to know how Lady *Galliard* goes on with her New Steward. The Wife indeed was a Woful Obstacle betwixt her and her proposed Enjoyment, and often stood in the Way, while as often wish'd out on't; but the Incumbrance was a Force upon Lady *Galliard*, because without the Wife the Husband was inaccessible. The Poor Man had certainly an Honest Value for her, and one faultless Moment spent with her was more prefer'd, than all those guilty Hours which ended with Remorse; but Interest is no single Devil, it is a *Legion*, attended with as many Ills: His Fortunes were now sunk too low to be raised again without a wretched disagreeable Compliance; and every other Day [under Pretence of being sent Abroad] confined him in his Old Apartment till Night. But the Wife, who had no Notion of those frequent Excursions from Home, and at Night too, began to ask herself the Meaning of those Nocturnal Sallies; for the Night succeeding those Days he always shared his Lady's Bed. She had had many Disputes with her own Thoughts about this Occasion, but had never opened the Grievance to her Husband, for fear he should think her jealous.

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jealous. But a little While after, in the midst of one of his Absent Nights, she awoke out of a Frightful Dream, which told her she was in a great deal of Danger; that her Husband was in Bed with her Lady; and if she did not suddenly leave the House, she would never leave it aliye. All this, though she believed it no more than the Effect of her Troubled Fancy, lay upon her spirits for some Hours; and Tears instead of Sleep now filled her Eyes; she heard the Clock strike Four, then left her Restless Bed, expostulating with herself in Favour of a Husband, whom she would feign believe she had wrong'd by an unjust suspicion of him. Her Roving Fancy carried her from the Chamber, tho' she knew not where she went, or why she left it; when, after a Wandering Half-Hour spent she knew not how, she cast her Eye towards a Window that looked into the Back-Yard where the Stables were; she heard a Door unlock, but could not see the Person that unlock'd it, Fear, Rage, Despair and Jealousy, had all taken their seats in her Breast; but a bare suspicion, without Certainty of her Fate, was more intolerable than all the rest; she therefore resolv'd, while she shudder'd with the Dread on't, to venture out, and see whether it was her Husband, as Fancy had suggested to her: And when she got into the Kitchen she saw a Dark-lanthorn stand on one of the Dressers with a lighted Candle in it, which was, as she supposed, left there by the Person that had just entered the Stables. She
was

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was well pleased at so Ready a Provision for her Discovery, and taking it up, shaded the light till she heard a Horse come out; she then raised it to the Face of the Rider, which prov'd to be one she was pretty well acquainted with, but she concealed herself, and got in undiscover'd, tho' not unsuspected. *Tom* rode off as usual, and his Wife now satisfied of her Ill-Usage returned to her Bed, where no Interruption disturbed her Racking Thoughts, but Gloomy Despair gave an helping Hand, and added to the Pressures of a Wounded Heart. She lay till Day-light call'd her to her Business in the Family, but her swollen Eyes and dejected Countenance told the inward Troubles of her Mind; she was now but too sure that some Intrigue was privately carried on, but was still a Stranger to the sharer in her Husband's Iniquity, tho' she had little Room for Doubt, when she consider'd Lady *Galliard* the very individual Person who always sent her Husband on those pretended Errands. The usual Hour brought him home, and the Wife resolving upon a more compleat Discovery, received him with her wonted Cheerfulness, disguising her Chagrin with all the Art that True Diffimulation could assist her with. The Night came on, which carry'd *Tom* to the lawful Embraces of a Wife he loved; and tho' all her Art was summoned to conceal her cold Indifference, it was plain, from all her slight Embraces, that every one was forced. *Tom* perceived it, and as soon guessed at the Cause; he

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he had all Day fancy'd his Wife was the Person that clapp'd the Dark-lanthorn to his Phys in the Morning; and if so, had good Reason to believe it would cost him some Pains to clear up the Matter: But, as he knew his Wife a Woman of some Penetration, he was very sure a Thousand Lies would never satisfy her Doubts; and being weary of the Engagement upon his hands, he e'en resolv'd, if she charged him with his Crime, to own it all, and join their Endeavours to extricate themselves as soon as possible. *Tom* then asked his Wife [and desired her Answer without Hesitation or Reserve] whether she had seen his Face any time that Day before Ten o'Clock. She told him with Tears she had, but hoped he had not known her: But since you are upon Enquiry [continued she] may I not ask in my Turn, where you were going at such an odd Hour, and where you had been all Night? I confess your dark Proceedings has given me a great deal of Pain, because I always made myself very sure of that Heart, which I now have cause to fear is lodged in another Breast; Heaven knows I always prised it at too high a Rate to part with it while I had Power to keep it, but now that Power is gone, and it is mine no more. Think not so cruelly [replied *Tom*] my Heart is now as firmly yours as it was the first Moment I gave it to you; though I will briefly own, I have wrong'd your Bed; and it was to prevent those Wrongs, that I so unwillingly consented to my Lady's Proposals, which
nothing

nothing but your own Eager Persuasions should have forced me to comply with ; but I had no Objection to make against such an Advantageous Offer, unless I had confess'd my Fault to you, which I now wish I had done, since I am forced to it at last, after many Repetitions of my Crime.

If I have been the Cause of my own Injuries [replied the Wife] it was because I was ignorant of your private Dealings ; but now that I am let into the Secret, I will resolutely starve, rather than stay another Day within these cursed Walls : Oh ! Infamy, Infamy, who can bear it ! Nay hold, Cousin *Margaret* [as he often called her] replied *Tom*, and believe me when I tell you I am full as weary of those Walls as you can be ; but since I have been a Rogue so long, I will have my Reward before I leave them, and beg you will stifle this rising Anger, which yet I do not blame you for, till a very short time has finished my Design ; my Lady's Bed I will never more approach ; but I'll be paid, and very roundly too for all the Guilty Time I have spent there. His Villany was rather persuasive than natural, and ill Advice from our Superiors is too often swallowed with Greediness ; and it is almost impossible for a Man to see his Danger before he falls a Victim to the Temptation. This was at first *Tom's* Case, he thought it a Fine Thing to be liked by a Fine Woman, and one so much above him too : But what feasted him then glutted him soon after, and he is now resolved

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solved to put an End to all. In order to which, he told his Wife, he would acquaint his Lady, that she had found out the Intrigue, and bid her, if any Questions were asked her by Mrs. *Busy*, the Lady's Woman, to say she watched him more than once into her Lady's Apartment. The next Day *Tom* was to go from home, as usual, on his Sham-Er-rand, and was at the wonted Hour conveyed by *Busy* into her Lady's Bed-Chamber, where she left him, and went to her own. He no sooner saw himself alone with Lady *Galliard* than he affected a Melancholy silence, and waited to be asked the Cause; but instead of that, the Lady herself put on a Gloomy Air, and some Minutes succeeded one another before either spoke. This made *Tom* think his Lady understood * *Mekachefa*, and had like to have baulked his Design; but being fully determined to keep the Word he had given his Wife, of coming near his Lady's Bed no more, he thus began: I know not, Madam, nor can I so much as guess at the Reason of your Silence, unless you know the Cause of mine, which is easily justified when once it is explained; but the Story is so ungrateful it hangs upon my faltering Tongue, nor can it force a passage hence, yet ———— Peace, Dissembler [interrupted Lady *Galliard*] I know thy Base, thy Treacherous,

* *A Word in the Persian Tales for knowing Peoples thoughts.*

thy Black and Mercenary Soul, better than thou dost thyself.

Believe me when I tell you, I am as weary of those Walls as you can be ; but since I have been a Rogue so long, I will have my Reward before I leave them. *Tom* was under some Astonishment when he heard his own Words repeated, and was going to reply, when *Lady Galliard* thus went on ——— Most justly hast thou stiled thyself a Rogue, and it is Pity the Reward thou art gaping for is not answerable to thy Character ——— But I will be paid, and very roundly too for all. ——— Pray, Madam [said *Tom* interrupting her] Do you think it an easy Matter to account for sending Spies to watch a Man's Words and Actions in private with his own Wife? No, Villain [returned *Lady Galliard*] I sent no Spies ; it was I that left the Dark-lanthorn in the Kitchen, the Errand to which Place was too kind for thy ungrateful Ears to hear, I perceived some-body coming, and Absconded till your Wife had taken it up, and went out with it, I then foresaw a Discovery, and my Curiosity carried me last Night to your Chamber-Door. Then Madam [returned *Tom*] that very Action has let you into my Design, and I may save myself all future Trouble. Very well Sir [replied *Lady Galliard*] and pray, may I know how high this Round Payment runs which you expect, it is Pity methinks, to baulk your Reasonable Demands. Madam [answered *Tom* very pertly] my Demands run high in proportion to the low-

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ness of my Fortunes, which you well know are below my Raising, Three Hundred Pounds will pay off a Mortgage of Part of my Estate, that Sum you can spare, and it is that only that can set me above Want, and you safe from Scandal. I understand you, Sir [said Lady Galliard] and if I can preserve my Credit at Three Hundred Pounds Expence, I shall think it no Dear Purchase, would you could give me up my Honour too for such another Sum. Not a Farthing more, Madam [replied Tom] I intend to throw in Your Ladyship's Honour to the Bargain; and as I never desired the keeping of it, I can with less Regret give it up again. Lady Galliard was so provoked at this saucy Treatment, which joined itself to her own inward Accusations, that though her Pride forbade her Tears, her Passion with her irritated Blood burst out at her Nose.

Villain [said she] am I become thy Sport? Leave me this Moment, and expose me the next to all Mankind; I had much rather write my Faults in my own Forehead, than stand obliged to thee for thy Concealment, though bought at a Price that should not be worth thy Thanks. Begone, and know thou art already wounded in a Part it seems I never had a share of. Tom found he had gone a little too far, and would feign have recalled his Words, but Lady Galliard too much incensed to listen to any Excuse, got up and left the Room, telling him he had Liberty to go whenever he pleased; and as for his Reward, Part on't, he was like to take with him,

him, though he knew it not, the rest she hoped Fortune at some Time or other would pay for her. When *Tom* saw himself alone, and his Bullying Project come to nothing, he returned to his Wife, and gave her an Account of his successful Proceedings. She told him she was not very well, and begg'd, whatever came of it, he would begone, for Poverty with Innocence was in her Breast of much more Value, than Affluence purchased by Guilt. He promised to give up his Accompts the next Day, and desired she would be easy till then. What other Discourse they had I know not, because I was called away to lend an Ear to Lady *Galliard* and *Busy*. I see Madam, by your Eyes [said the latter] you have had some unpleasing Contest with *Tom*; I wish it were in your Power to withdraw your Affections from that Ungrateful Whelp, who has always returned your Love with Contempt, or at least, Indifference: Every Thing, Madam, partakes of its Origin; and the sordid Fool is better pleased with the Trifle his Wife, than with the shining Jewel you put into his Undeserving Hands: snatch it from him, Madam, and see the Brute no more.

Ah! *Busy*! [replied Lady *Galliard*] what friendly Advice would this have been, had it come when first I made you privy to the Reigning Folly in my Breast: Remember your own Faulty Words ——— Why, Madam, are you uneasy, while you can redress your own Grievance; if Heaven has given us Appetites,

can it be angry that we indulge them; and when we have a Choice of being either happy or wretched, who would not choose the former? If you like *Tom*, let *Tom* be the Man, I think it is now fit you should cater for yourself. This [base as thou art] was thy Pernititious Counsel, which I, Unhappy I, with a too voracious Appetite most greedily swallowed till the Poison infected my whole Mass of Blood, and has turned me from thy Mistress to thy Slave, obliged to buy your Secresy at the Expence of my own Liberty: And instead of Commanding, as usual, must now act the servile Part, and be subservient both to him and you. Why did I not consider this before I involved myself in a link of Faults, before I gave a loose to my own Desires, and e're I resigned my Virtue to its Cursed Opposite Vice. But what's to be done? say what Measures I must take to disengage my self from this Labyrinth of Destruction, which on all sides surround me? ——— but alas thy Talent lies toward nought but Mischief; thou art dumb and mute, where good Advice is wanting.

The Misfortune of Servitude, Madam [answered *Buffy*] never shews itself in fuller Colours, than when our Chiefs humble themselves so low, as to ask the Advice of one they know dare give none but what they are satisfied will concur with the Inclination of those who ask it: And had my late Advice run counter to Your Ladyship's Wishes, the

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Consequence on my side would have been to lie under a lasting Grudge, and on yours to act as you thought fit without it. You may be assured Madam, when I first observed your Affections growing so fast towards a Man, in every Respect so unfit for you. I likewise saw the innumerable Inconveniences that would attend it: And as you have been pleased to remember my Words, give me leave to repeat a few of yours.—— I tell thee *Busy*, it is the hardest thing in Life to subdue our Passions; and I have one for *Tom* so very powerful, that all my Attempts are fruitless, and I can no Way bring it under; have him I must, nay will, though I Marry him.—— Now Madam, after such a Declaration, what could my weak Persuasions avail? Why then am I blamed for consenting to what I could no Way hinder or prevent.

It is now in vain [said Lady *Galliard*] to talk any more of what is past, I am now to consider of what is still to come; 300 *l.* is *Tom's* Demand with which he would disengage his incumbered Estate. I do own, I have done him an Injury which a greater Sum cannot atone for, and which I now lament, but it is past, as many more of my Crimes are, and the remaining Part of my Life shall be spent in Contrition for them: Go you to him in the Morning, and carry what I shall then give you to his Wife, tell her I beg her Pardon for all I have done to her; and desire them to be gone immediately; her Wrongs indeed are great and.

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and so is my Concern for them: But no more, I will now to Bed, and try if Kindly Sleep will lull me to a Dream of Quiet; for waking I shall ne'r be so. The Morning no sooner appear'd than Lady *Galliard* rung for her Woman, by whose Assistance she got up, and going to her Closet fetched thence a Bag, and bid her give it to *Tom's* Wife, with her last Desire of going away as soon as possible. The poor Woman was no less transported with the Order to be gone than she was with the Present, sent her Thanks to her Lady, and a few Hours carried them away. *Tom* made a right Use of the Money, and Redeemed Part of his Estate; but his poor Wife had a short Enjoyment of it, for in less than Three Months she died of a sweating Illness which wore her to nothing, not without violent suspicion of Foul Play. *Tom* was inconsolable for the loss of her, and looked upon her as a Martyr to his Villany and his Lady's Malice, whose Words he often called to Mind, when she told him, he was already wounded in a Part she never had a Share of; he knew his Wife a Woman of Virtue, and thought it hard she should be sacrificed to one of a different Character: Every new Minute filled his Mind with Tender sentiments succeeded by Grief, till at last Revenge took Place, of which more hereafter; for I am this Minute going to take Coach for *London* again, where I left my young Knight in the Careful Hands of Mr. *Friendly* and Mr. *Teachwell*; but at my Return, I heard the lat-

ter was fallen ill of a Consumption, and went to the *Bath*, where he died; and Mr. *Friendly*, after seven Months stay at *London*, was now preparing to go again into the Country, to which Place he would feign have persuaded Sir *John* to accompany him, but the Town was now grown dearer to him than any other Place, and not to be parted with on any Terms. In three Days Mr. *Friendly* and his Lady went home, leaving his Daughter, a lovely young Girl, to the Care of his own Sister. Sir *John* is now left at *London*, sole Master of his own Actions, and Mr. *Friendly* was no sooner gone than he took Lodgings at the Court-End of the Town, and began to frequent all publick Places more than ever, by which Means he soon became acquainted with all sorts of People, but unluckily pitch'd upon a wrong sett for his constant Companions. He was a Man of a very exact Form, and made as much for Admiration as any young Beau about the Town; he had a pleasing sweetness in his Looks, an easy regular shape, a gentile rakish Air, but a Temper so very affable, that it complied too readily with every Temptation. The first Progress he made in Modern Gallantry was to get into the unimproving Conversation of the Women of the Town, who often took Care to drink him up to a pitch of Stupidity, the better to qualify him for having his Pockets pick'd; and a frequent Repetition of this sort of Usage forced him to write home for more Money, as he had often done since Mr. *Friendly* left

left the City, whose Purse as well as House was always at Sir *John's* Service. But Lady *Galliard*, whose Adventure with *Tom* was quite ended, and who now resolved to leave off Intriguing, had the greatest Desire in Life to get her Son home again; she knew feeding his growing Extravagances with more Money than a Minor ought to spend, would be no politick Scheme for getting him from those Pleasures he was now grown too fond of, and to bridle his Follies when they were grown headstrong, would only serve to give him an Opportunity of breaking the Reins, and hating the Hand that laid them on. She therefore thought it best to interlard her Letter with a layer of Wheedle and a layer of Severity. She first told him how Agreeable his Company would be at *Galliard-Hall*; that she had now given up all Pleasures but those that centred in him: That if he valued the true Repose of a Mother, he would endeavour to contribute towards it by consenting to her Wishes: But if he wanted that Love and Duty he owed her, she was resolved to return it by retrenching his Allowance, and bringing it into a narrower Circumference. It is certain, good Words do not mollify so soon as Threats exasperate, and the latter Part of the Letter roused the Lion in the Knight, which provoked him to the following Answer.

MADAM,

MADAM,

SINCE the Reception of your last I have considered your Project, which I find is to starve my Pleasures, but as I love them too well to see them want, I am this Minute come from the Scriveners, where I have taken up a Brace of Hundred's on the Reversion of my Estate. I hope Madam you remembred last Thursday was my Birth Day, and that enter'd me into that Year, which ended, will give me a Power separate from that you now use with some Tyranny. As for Galliard-hall it is a Country Seat, and till I am tired of London shall hardly see it, though my Respects and Duty are always there to attend you, and assure your Ladyship

I will always be

Your most Obedient Son, and

Humble Servant,

J. Galliard.

How Lady Galliard digested this return from her Son, I never heard, because I never enquired, but my Knight went on in the beaten Road of modern Gallantry, and as he thought his own Stock of Wit sufficient for a whole Company, his Set of Companions were a disagreeable Mixture of Fool, Knave, and Coxcomb.

comb. The last was a full grown Baronet got to Years of Discretion, though he never had any, whom I shall call *Sir Combish Clutter*; the first a Country Esquire, call'd *Clownish Cockaboop*, an excellent Companion when a Man aims at nothing but sport, the other [and by much the worst of the three] was a stooking Gamster, who generally took Care of the loose Corns the pretty Ladies left in *Sir John's* Pockets, tho' sometimes he got the start of them, and left them only the Gleanings. O Men of Merit say, what avails good Sence when left in the Hands of a careless Libertine, who had much rather tye it down with Links of Iron then listen to the Friendly Admonitions it kindly offers. *Sir John Galliard* had so good a Share of that fine Quality, that had he given it room to play, it would have made him a shining Companion for the finest Genious in the Nation, but Vanity, Pride, Folly, and every other opposite to it, were let loose in a wide Room, while it was confined to a narrow Closet, starving and rusting for want of Food and Exercise. A Night or two after carried *Sir John*, [with a set of his choice Companions] to the Play, where he saw Miss *Friendly* conducted to a front Box, by a Gentleman he had never seen at her Father's. The Advantage of her Dress added to her natural Charms, and shew'd her much more amiable than he ever thought her before, that Minute created a criminal Admiration in him, and he made himself large and pleasing.

pleasing Promises of her Ruin, it is true his barbarous Design against her shock'd him a little, when he call'd to mind her Father's disinterested Friendship towards him, but Men of Pleasure find little room for Reflection, at least till they have gratified their own unreasonable Desires. The Lady was young, brisk, airy, and something of the Coquet, which made her Aunt very watchful over her, and the Gentleman with whom she had intrusted her was her own Son, come just from *Italy*. Sir *John* paid a distant Respect to her, and ogled her the whole Time the Play lasted, he grew impatient for the ensuing Day, the Afternoon of which carried him to visit her, which was but the second Time since her Papa left her, he approached her with more Respect than usual: She on the other hand was not pleased he came so seldom, told him he was a very slow Visiter, gave her Fan a flurt and said, she did not care, that, for him, but Sir *John*, continued she, I think I saw you at the Play last Night, how did you like the Scene betwixt—— Madam, interrupted Sir *John*, every Scene was alike to me, because I minded none, I had too lovely an Object from the Box you sat in, to admit of any inferiour Amusement. O lud, cry'd Miss, I think the Man is going to make Love to a body; or do I take a Compliment to myself that was not design'd for me, Aye, aye, I believe 'tis so, for now I remember there was two Ladies more in the same Box, tho' I think they were not very
handsom

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handsom neither; Come Sir *John*, 'f I am to be your Confidant, only tell me the Secret and I'll keep it--- if I can. That [if] Madam, reply'd Sir *John*, was a very confiderate Addition to your Promise, but if a Woman can keep a Secret at all, it is certainly her own, though sure it is none to tell you, I admire and adore Miss *Friendly*. Well, I'll swear now, said Miss, I believe I shall grow grave upon this Declararion, for I heard Papa say once, That Surprizes when they are a little over, set Folks a thinking, and you know Sir *John*, we can't think without being grave, hang Gravity it gives ones Face an oldish cast, which makes me mad at you for setting mine into such a disagreeable Form. Let not that give you Uneasiness, return'd the Knight, for there will be nothing displeasing in your Face these twenty Years, which I must tell you is a long Reign as Faces go now, but I have one Question to ask you Madam, Would you have me like your Face? Like it said Miss---- Well I'll take my Oath I don't know whether I would or no, but I think I would not, because I have often heard you say, you did not love Rivals, and my Face must have a very odd turn, or Sir *John Galliard* a very odd Fancy, if no Body likes it but himself.

I own Madam, return'd Sir *John*, your Remark is very just, and I should certainly be ashamed of a Fancy that no body jump't with but myself, yet, though I would have a Mi-
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strefs generally liked, I would have her pleased with no Adoration but mine.

This said Miss, is just what my Aunt told me Yesterday, when I was romping a little with my Cousin *William*, Child she cry'd, leave of those girlish Airs, you are now almost fifteen Years of Age, Men love to take Freedom themselves, but don't care we should, they like to show their Fondness to a hundred Women, but expect we should only smile on one. Now I would fain ask, why we may not love Variety as well as you, yet your imperious saucy Customs has made me perfectly ashamed of my own Behaviour, for there's Mr. *Hatchet-face* a Mercer from *Covent-Garden*, and a rich one too, they say: Then there is *Beau Spangle* from the *Horse-Guards*, and a Trader from *Exchange-Alley* worth a Plumb, and a huge Limb of the Law, as big as one of an Ox, from the Temple, with a Man of Quality to bring up the Rear, which have all accosted me with equal Ardour and Complacency, and yet the Duce take me if I dare be civil to any of them, because I don't know which I love best, so e'n let good Nature and good Manners shift for themselves, for I'll have nothing to do with either, where People are concern'd that will take all for their own shares, and leave nothing at all for me. Sir *John* could have told her, there was a vast Disparity betwixt a modest Woman and a Man that lived at large, but his present Business was to get into her favour, without disputing the Matter, and try

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[since she was perfectly disengaged] to make himself the happy Man, who might at last lay Chaim to her Favour: He told her of his mighty Passion, swore himself the humblest of her Voteries, though if she had a previous Inclination, he saw no Reason why she should not indulge it, though even to his Undoing, for Confinement he own'd in any Capacity was a Thing intollerable to a free-born Agent, even the Beasts and Birds, continued he, prefer Hunger and Liberty, to Constraint and Plenty, and shall Man, that noble Creature Man, tye up his capacious Inclinations, and force them into the Circumference of a Mouse-trap, while he has the Globe to furnish his Desires with new and many Joys, no Miss, went he on,

*Liberty's the Soul of Living
Every Hour new Joys receiving.*

That, cry'd Miss, is a Piece of an old song, but pray what follows—— neither *taking Hearts nor giving*—— so then S^r John, you and I are just where we were, and may wander in Liberty till we loose one another. F--th Madam, said the Knight, you are grown so very witty, I fear I shall loose you indeed for want of spirit to keep up with your Repartee, and yet methinks it would vex me a little to be baffled by a Woman, though I know you generally fight well at your own Weapons, which are what we do not greatly understand,

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derstand, come no more Disputes, shall I wait upon you to the Play to-morrow Night.

To-morrow Night said Miss, laughing, nay then you are in love without Dispute, what would you go to the Play on sundays? But if you have a Mind to show your Gallantry to Perfection, you shall squire me to Church if you please.

Why f--th Child, replied the Baronet, if I were inclined to go to Church with any Body, it should be with you, but I have too great a Regard for the Drum of my Ears to come there among a Parcel of unmusical Baulers, that fancy God A'mighty is to be charm'd with Noise, beside it is not above three Months since I was there, and then was absolved by half the Parish, who no sooner heard the Parson begin the Absolution than they raised an audible Voice and pronounced it as loud as he did. Nay, return'd Miss, I'll say something in behalf of our quiet Congregation in the Country, for they disturb no Body, nor is it an easy Matter to disturb them, the Minister no sooner begins to pray, than they begin a comfortable Nap, which always lasts till he has done, and then they wake and foot it home to dinner, Papa was rallying our Parson one Day, and asked him why he did not speak loud enough to keep his Congregation awake, he told Papa, a natural Stupidity could not be roused tho' even by the Voice of Thunder, unless they thought the Lightning that attended it should set their Hay-stacks on fire: Alas Sir, continued he,

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Religion is in a very dangerous Condition, for Men of low Understanding have no Notion of it, and those of an exalted one are too apt to despise it. You have an excellent Memory, reply'd Sir *John*, but I doubt Madam, you have misplaced some of the good Gentleman's Words, because Lightning is a Forerunner of Thunder, not an Attendant on it. In the midst of this Dialogue Miss Friendly's Aunt came to them with a Letter in her hand, and told her Neice, she had received a Command from her Papa to send her Home. This News was not very agreeable to the young Lady, whose hankering Inclinations after Gaiety and the Town, made her very unwilling to part with them, but to sooth her own Disturbance she softly told herself, every County in *England* was furnished with Admirers of a fine Woman, as she really was. Sir *John*, however began to ask himself how the remaining Time was to be imploy'd, have her he must, if all his Wealth or Wits could furnish him with a Scheme that would be r, his Brain was fertile enough and produced a thousand Plans, but every one was attended with a superior Objection, the Week after was the Time appointed for her Journey, and Sir *John* then took his Leave and went to his Lodgings, where again he began to contrive; his greatest Concern was to gain a few Days more for her stay in Town, the young one he believed might easily be persuaded, but the Cunning lay in catching the old one, he therefore resolved not to visit her again

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again till Tuesday, that frequent Attendance might give no suspicion, and when he did go, made his Application to the Aunt as follows: Mr. *Friendly*, Madam, has been gone from *London* some Months, and I ungrateful as I am have never made the least Return to the many Favours I received from him when here, I blush to think how Miss will accuse me when she tells her Papa I have not so much as waited upon her to a Play or any other Diversion since he left her, I beg you will stand my Friend, and put off her Journey home till next Week, that I may conduct you both to the Masquerade on Thursday Night.

Sir *John*, reply'd the Lady, I shall leave your Request to be determined by my Neice, if she has a Mind to stay another Week, I will not oppose it because I know the value my Brother has for you, but hope you will pardon me if I refuse your Civility, for I have taken leave of the gay Part of Life ever since I was turn'd of Forty. I'll assure you Sir *John*, reply'd Miss, giving her Head a Toss of Contempt, if I had not a greater Regard to my own Pleasure than gratifying your Desires I would not stay, because you did not ask me first, but no Matter, I am now going to the dull Country, and may be Papa will never let me come here again, so for once I'll comply, and now let us consult about our Dresses, Miss *Wary* shall take the Ticket you design'd for my Aunt, and I dare say Sir *John Galliard* will change a Matron for a Girl at any Time, for my Part I in-

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tend to personate a Sea-Nymph and dress in Moss and Shells; you Sir *John* may appear like Neptune, because you know he is as much obliged to take Care of the Ladies of his own Dominions as you are to protect me, as for Miss *Wary* she has just finish'd a whimsical Dress, so all you have to do Sir *John*, is to go and bespeak ours. Sir *John* accordingly went and they were sent as order'd. The Night was no sooner gone than our young Lady sent for her favourite Companion, who was a near Neighbour, and the only Daughter of Mr. *Wary*, a Man of Worth and Substance; she had a Frolick in her Head, which was soon communicated to Miss *Wary*, and she asked her if she would joyn in it to cheat Sir *John Galliard*. The Scheme was for the two young Ladies to change Habits and go to the Masquerade before Sir *John* came. Miss *Wary* comply'd, and in the Evening they dress'd in their several Habits that they might not mistake one another when they came next Night to the common Rendezvous. About half an Hour before the appointed Time of Sir *John's* Coming, Miss *Friendly* propos'd going but desired her Companion, if the young Barronet should chance to make Love to her in her Likeness, she would use him well for her sake, but if [continued she] your Inclination should chance to stand towards a little satyrical Raillery never baulk your Fancy; it is no more than I should do myself, and he will never distinguish feign'd Voices. Chairs were call'd and
away

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away the Ladies went. Sir *John* at the usual Time came, and was not a little nettled to find they were gone without him, he took it for a Slight, and resolved to mortify them accordingly, to compleat his Design he orders his Chair-men to carry him to Covent-Garden, where he changed his Dress, then followed the Ladies whom he soon distinguish'd from the rest, but took no Notice of them; they on the other Hand kept a watchful Eye towards the Door, and expected every Enterer would prove Sir *John* who was much nearer to them than they thought and follow'd them wherever they went, which at last Miss *Friendly* took notice of, and casting a-side look at him now and then, she observed his naked Hand going to convey a Pinch of Snuff to his Nose, and knew a Ring he had on his Finger, by which she found him out, and told the Secret to her Friend, but still behaved as before, and seem'd as indifferent as ever; Sir *John* at last came up to Miss *Wary*, whom by the Dress he took for Miss *Friendly*, and asked her in a Puppet's Tone— Do you know me? She reply'd in the same squeeke---- Yes, better than you know me, and since we are deserted by our Guardian that should have followed us, we don't much care if we substitute you his Representative, and---- Hold Madam, interrupted Miss *Friendly*, still feigning her Voice, I will have nothing to say to him till he lets me into the Secret of the Ring on his Finger, which I am sure belongs to Sir *John Galliard*, and for ought I know you
are

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are some Russian that has murdered the Man and ran away with his Moveables, come, come Sir, off with your Mask or I'll send for a Constable. Sir *John* found by all this Rail-lery his Ring had discovered him, and then began to say a thousand tender Things to his Nymph in double Masquerade, who took all possible Care to prevent any farther Discovery. Some Hours were spent in the common Diversions of the Place where Wit and Humour flew about like Squibs, and when they came to the Boufet Sir *John* unmask'd, and would fain have had the Ladies do so too, but they were too full of the Project of cheating the Knight to end it so soon, and therefore refused to drink any Thing, only put a few dry'd Sweetmeats into their Pockets, which they eat as Opportunity offer'd: But while they were yet at the Boufet a little dapper Gentleman came to Sir *John*, and asked him if he would part with one of his Ladies, for he thought it hard he should have two and himself not one. Sir *John* told him he could not guess from his Looks that he wanted one, since they promised but very indifferently in his Favour, however if he could gain either of the Ladies Consent to run away with a Tom Thumb he should pity their want of Judgment, but that was a Place of Freedom and he could not use Force to keep them.

The Beau told him he wore a Sword and should find a Time—— I know not Sir [replied Sir *John*] what Time you may find, but am

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am sure mine would be lost if it were spent in killing a Pigmy, and for your Sword if it be no longer than yourself it will never make Work either for a Surgeon or an Undertaker, prithee keep it in its peaceable Scabbard, and go thy Ways for a little Fool as thou art. At this the Ladies laugh'd and the Bauble went muttering away. The Variety this Place afforded of new Diversions carried the Night insensibly off, and Day began to break before the Ladies were tired, at which Time they desired Sir *John* to provide Chairs. He went that Minute and provided three, but gave the Chair-men the following Directions, the two first was to go to the *Bagnio*, and the third to Mr. *Wary's* the aforesaid Father of Miss *Friendly's* Companion. He then return'd and conducted the Ladies out, putting Miss *Friendly* (as he thought) into the second Chair, and Miss *Wary* into the third [who was immediately carried off] and Sir *John* got into the first himself, and was as by order convey'd to the *Bagnio*, as soon as they got to the Door the well designing Knight got out and handed the following Lady from her Chair, who seeing another behind her, [for one there was] thought it had been Miss *Friendly*, and that the Jest was now at an end, pull'd off her Mask and laughing cry'd, how do you like your Sea-Nymph now, God Neptune, that should have been? Then running to the other Chair, come Miss [said she] all is out: But what was her surprize when instead of Miss *Friendly* she saw the little Gentleman coming

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ing out, with whom Sir *John* had had a short Contest at the Masquerade. He was now so mad at his Disappointment, that he was glad to see one on whom he might revenge himself, and turning to Miss *Wary* said, here is some Mistake Madam, those Chairmen [who were then gone off] have brought us to the *Bagnio*. I think, perhaps by a Bribe from this Gentleman, who I fancy has made a Quarrel of what past at the Masquerade, I therefore beg you will take his dismiss Chair and go home, where you will find Miss *Friendly*, for I order'd them all to your House, I would very fain wait upon you, but you see my Honour is engaged and I know you Ladies hate Cowards, I will therefore conduct you to the Chair and I wish you a good Morning. The young Lady was soon at home, where she found Miss *Friendly* full of Wonder what was become of her and Sir *John*, I will now leave them a while to compare Notes together, and step back to the *Bagnio* to see what becomes of the two Antagonists, they were both got into the House before I came, and the little Gentleman began to bully, Sir Knight told him he had affronted him so far that his Spirit could not bear it, and his Design in following him was for Satisfaction. Sir *John* ashamed of such a Combat, urg'd the Folly of taking any Thing ill that was said in a Place where a little good Raillery was design'd for the best Part of the Diversion, and I farther know [continued he] my Sword and Arm will meet with nothing but Disgrace from

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so poor a Victory, yet if you insist upon Satisfaction, I will give you all I can, but I think it your Business to go and provide Weapons since the Place we come from admitting of none we are unluckily both without, another Thing I insist upon is uncaseing your Face, for I never love to fight with a false one, mine is bare and I expect yours should be so too. It will be of little Service to you, reply'd the Challenger, to show my Face since I am sure you never yet have seen it, but yet e're I unmask I have a secret to disclose to you, and yet I must keep it too, know then I am a Woman, a married Women, and I once thought a Virtuous Woman, my Husband too is deserving of my Love, he is young, handsome, rich, and doats upon his Wife unworthy as she is, nay above the World I love him too, and all that's in it should never prevail with me to wrong his Bed, were it not intirely for his own ease. I own Madam [return'd Sir John] I have often hear'd that Women are Riddles and sure you are come to confirm the Assertion. No, replied the Lady, I shall soon clear up the Matter when I tell you I have been eight Years a Wife yet have nothing to shew for so much Time spent in Matrimony, but a great Estate without an Heir to it, and there lies the bitter Pill that takes away the sweets of Life, that is the cutting Blow, the smarting Wound my Husband always feels, 'tis that alas----- and could I----- but O spare a farther Declaration and guess the rest. No Madam, return'd Sir John, I can guess

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guess at nothing till I see your Face, and if that proves good, I'll guess just as you would have me ; though I think you have spoke so very plain, that you have left no Room for any thing but Certainty.

The Lady unmasked, and shewed a Face both fair and young, which our Knight liked so well, that nothing could be denied, no Resistance is Force against so fine a Temptation, yet still he wanted to know the Tempter's Name ; but that at first she was resolved to conceal, which proved no bar to his invited Desires, which were always too sharp set to want a Poynant Sauce. She told him however, she was a Woman of Distinction ; that she could not promise he should ever see her Face again : but by that Honour she was now going to sacrifice he should hear from her, and have a just Account of the Success that attended the present Undertaking. They retired, and I left them to go back to the Ladies, whom I found in much Disorder at what had happened so lately to them. Miss *Wary*, a cunning young Baggage, would have it that Sir *John Galliard* had certainly some Ill Design upon the Sea-Nymph, and was sure it was more than Chance that conducted them to the *Bagnio*. Miss *Friendly* could not be of her Mind for several Reasons, and first, she was sure Sir *John* had too great a Value for her Papa, to offer any thing ill to his Daughter ; beside, her Opinion in general was too good of him to believe he would do an ill Action to

to any-body: And it signified nothing to enumerate Reasons against a perfect Improbability. since, had his Inclinations been never so vicious, the *Bagnio* was a Place as improper for such an Undertaking as a Tavern, or any other Publick House. You are mistaken Madam, [said Miss *Wary*] those Places for a small Sum will find a Thousand Ways to avoid Discoveries, and prevent Disturbance. My Papa, when he was in Commission for the Peace, had several of those Things brought before him: And I once heard a Gentleman say, A *Bagnio* was no more than a Tolerated Baudy-House.

Say no more my Dear *Kitty* [replied Miss *Friendly*] I will hear no more of it till I see Sir *John*, and hear what he says for himself: But come [continued she] will you go with me, and let us go to Bed for an Hour or two, for fear we should fall asleep at the Play anon, where I am resolved to go at Night, because it will be the last I shall see while I stay in Town, for To-morrow you have engaged me, and on Monday I must set forward towards the West. They changed their Clothes, and went together, got their Breakfasts, and went to Bed. In the Afternoon Sir *John* came to see how they did after their last Night's Diversion. O Lud! Sir *John*! [cried Miss *Friendly*] I am glad to see you Alive, I expected To-morrow's *Journal* would have given some Dismal Account of your Proceedings with the little Gentleman, I hear he followed

H

you

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you for *Satisfaction*; but as I see your Arm is not confined to a Scarf, I hope you came off with Honour. Yes Madam [replied Sir *John*] pretty well; we had indeed a little Skirmish, but it was soon over, and we parted good Friends at last. But the Adventure of the *Bagnio*, Sir *John* [said Miss *Wary*] methinks I would feign be let into the Secret of that Scheme, which seems to have a sort of an unaccountable Odness in it that will not be presently answered for. L--d! Madam [replied Sir *John*] I am surprised that you that know the Town should take Notice of a few Blundering Chairmen; they heard the Gentleman, I suppose, that dog'd me, give Orders to the *Bagnio*, and thought they were to go there too. Miss *Wary* told him that would never hold, because it was plain he had given Orders to the Chairmen, before the Gentleman came out whose Design was to dog him; beside, if it was a Mistake, why did not Miss *Friendly's* Chair go with the rest? Well, well, Sir *John* [interrupted Miss *Friendly*] suppose we leap over all those Difficulties, how will you excuse yourself, when you are charged with taking a Couple of Ladies to the Masquerade, and wanted both Good-Manners and Gallantry to see them safe home again? Nay, Ladies [said Sir *John*] if ye both fall foul upon me at once, I must strike my Flag and surrender; but be pleased to remember you denied me the Pleasure of waiting on you there, which will a little excuse my Behaviour afterwards, tho'

I would

I would not have lost the Honour of seeing you back, had not that little Trifler with his foolish Punctilio's prevented me: And yet methinks it pleases me, when I remember how I revenged myself. But I now ask Ten Thousand Pardons for all the Faults you can charge me with, that so we may part Friends, for my Errand now is to take my leave of you, having engaged myself to accompany a Friend who is going to take a Trip to *France*: This Afternoon we go on Ship-board, so Ladies, if ye have any Commands to that Nation, I am at your Service to convey them. O Lud! [cried Miss *Friendly*] here's Manners; Why, did you not make us promise to go with you to the Play to-Night? And now he is going to *France*. Pray go and tell the Creature you have a Pre-engagement upon your Hands, and you can't go till the next fair Wind. Sir *John* made some scurvy Apology for his Non-compliance, and took his leave. He was now resolved to try another Expedient to accomplish his Design upon Miss *Friendly*, and to lay it on so sure a Foundation, that even Fate itself should hardly have Power to baffle it. He went directly to his Lodgings, and sent for his Apothecary, telling him he had now a very urgent Occasion for his Assistance, tho' of a different Nature from any thing he had ever served him in yet; told him in very plain Terms, he had a Mind to a certain young Lady, of whom he did not despair, though he should use no clandestine Means, but he had

a Reason for working with the Mole under-Ground, and had rather have her unknown to herself than with her own Consent, in order to which, he desired him to make a private Conveyance of some Opiate into a few Mackroons [which was what the Lady greatly loved] to cause a Lethargy for some Hours; and desired it might operate as soon as possible. This was no sooner proposed than complied with, because Sir *John* was an excellent Customer; and his Bribe pretty large. The prepared Mackroons were speedily brought, and in three Hours after eating they were to begin their Work. He no sooner saw himself Master of the soporiferous Dose than he resolved to try the Effects of it, which he did that Night on a Maid-servant in the House where he lodged; he found it answered his Expectations, and in the Morning he called for his Groom, order'd him to saddle his Horse, which he mounted, and unattended left *London*, and went to the Inn where he knew the Innocent Sacrifice must lye the first Night upon the Road, and thought it fit to be there two or three Days before his Victim, that he might have Time to corrupt one of the Servants, to assist him in his Base Design against Poor Innocent Miss *Friendly*. He well knew a Plebeian Mind was never Proof against the Persuasive Power of Tempting Gold; a Metal which insensibly diffuses itself into every Sense we have, and by Art Magick forces a liking, though Death and Ruin be its Attendants. Sir *John*, the Base, Un-
generous

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generous Sir *John*, is now got to the Inn, where he soon singled out one of the Wenches for his Tool. He saw she thought her self handsome, and knew the only Way to get into her Favour was to make her believe he thought so too: In order to which, he praised her Beauty, and told her of much more than she ever had, which with a Kiss now and then, and Half a Crown sometimes, made him the Finest Gentleman that ever came that Road before: He soon saw he gained Ground, and at Night, after having sate up pretty late with a silly Landlord, whom he made very drunk, he ordered *Sarah* his chosen Accomplice to bring a Pint of Wine into his Chamber, and come up with it herself, which she readily did, Sir *John* had no Occasion to make use of his Opiate, the Wench was very complying, and he to strengthen his Interest in her gave her leave to take share of his Bed that Night. In the Morning he began to think of letting her into the Secret that brought him there. *Sarah* [said he] I am now going to trust you with a very Grand Concern; and after what has passed betwixt us I hope I may confide in you: This Night I expect a young Lady to come to this House, with whom I had once an Intrigue; but a little Misunderstanding happened betwixt us, and I would feign make my Peace with her again: Now *Sarah*, what I have to beg of you is to convey me privately into some Part of her Chamber, where I may lurk till she is in Bed; and when you have done me this

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Piece of Service you shall have a very suitable Reward. *Sarah* who was too profuse of her own Chastity to endeavour the Preservation of that of another, not only complied with what was already proposed, but promised her farther Assistance, if any more was necessary. Sir *John* upon this Promise produced the Mack-rooms, and asked her, if she could by some clean Contrivance give one half to the Lady, and the other to her Maid? At which the Wench looked a little startled, and told Sir *John*, she hoped there was no Poison in them, for she did not much care to be hanged neither. No [replied the Knight] to cure your Suspicion, see here I eat one of them myself, which he did.

Sarah was satisfied, promised to assist, and then went to call up the Guests to be gone. O Man! how strong are thy Passions, how exorbitant thy Desires, and how weak, how impotent thy Virtues? Here have we a Person of Birth, of Fortune, of Sense before us, a Man, who might have been a Credit both to his Country and Species, had the early Rudiments of that Behaviour, which makes us value one another, been timely instilled while his tender Years were capable of Impression; but alas! the Want of Care in his Education made him a Perfect *Modern Fine Gentleman*; which, when we consider the sad Ingredients, they make a very Woful Compound: It is true, if we abstract bad Actions from Folly [which in my humble Opinion can hardly be done] Sir *John*
was

was very free from the Imputation of a Fool, but then he had a double share of the Rake to make up his *Quantum*, and finish a very Bad Character. The Close of the Evening brought in the Stage-Coach, and in it the Pretty Lady expected. *Sarah* that *B* ——— was ready at Hand, when she desired, as soon as she alighted to choose her Room; she conducted her to one which she knew fit for the Design in Hand, with two Beds in it [for Sir *John* had told her before, that the Lady's Maid always lay in her Room, but never in her Bed.] she pitched upon the first she saw, and being a little weary with her Journey, and sadly tired of the Dull Company in the Coach, she threw herself upon one of the Beds, and dosed till Supper. Sir *John* saw her at some Distance, but kept *incog.* himself, and felt a Remorse for what he was about, but it proved too weak to conquer. While Miss *Friendly* was with her Disagreeable Company at Supper, Sir *John* was conveyed into a Closet, which he lock'd within-side, and there stayed till his Time came of coming out. Supper was no sooner over, than poor Miss *Friendly* returned to her Chamber with her Maid, who was just going to undress her Lady, when *Sarah* came into the Room with a little Salver of Sweet-meats in her Hand. Here Madam [said she] I have brought you a Present.

A Present [replied the Lady] from whom prithee? Oh! Madam [said *Sarah*] from a very Civil Gentleman I'll assure you, I am sure

sure I have experienced his Kindness more than once; he saw you alight out of the Coach, and bid me pay his *Devoirs* [I think he call'd it] to you, and beg you would please to taste two or three of the finest Mackroons you ever tasted in your Life. I believe [said Miss *Friendly*] the Gentleman is a Witch, for I know nothing I love so well as a Mackroon. Here *Jenny* [continued she] I know you love them as well as I, take them three, and I'll eat the rest, for my Supper lies on my Stomach, and I can master no more; as for the rest, Sweetheart, you may either eat them yourself, or return them, with my humble Service and Thanks to the Gentleman: And be sure you call me early, for I always take a deal of Time to persuade myself to leave my Bed in a Morning. The Jade dropp'd her Court'sy, promised Obedience, and away she went. While *Jenny* was undressing her Lady, I wonder Madam [said she] where Sir *John Galliard* is now; he can't be got to *France* yet, can he Madam? I do not know [returned Miss *Friendly*] where he is, nor what Time it takes to go such a Voyage, but I think he left the Kingdom very abruptly; And I dare say Lady *Galliard* will not be pleased with his Ramble, but what is that to me? Nay Madam [replied *Jenny*] I know your Indifference pretty well, and dare lay my Head to a Row of Pins, you do not value one Man upon Earth, or name any for whom you have a superior Esteem; if you could, you would certainly talk a little
of

of young Mr. *Wary*; that's the Man for my Money : A Man, that has every thing good in him, sober, virtuous and rich, and ———
Why, thy Tongue's upon Wheels I think [interrupted Miss] What dost thou tell me of his Virtue, and stuff, I'll think of no-body yet, but when I do, for all your Head to two or three Pins, I can tell you, I should value Sir *John Galliard* with all his Faults much more than young *Wary* with all his fine Qualities; such a deal of Reserve and Gravity becomes a Young Man as ill as Frolicks and Gaiety does an Old one; And he that gives himself such very exact Airs, will doubtless expect the same from his Wife: And for my Part, I love an easy, open, free Behaviour, guarded by Innocence; and would not for the World be forced to sit primming and screwing my Face into a Prudish, Hypocritical look. Oh! *Jenny*, I always suspect those sort of Women, and believe, there are more Faults committed under a sanctified Phiz, than are commonly found among such Giddy Girls as I am. Lord, Madam [replied *Jenny*] you talk like any Angel to-night, I wish Sir *John* was a Mouse in some Hole, to hear the Declaration you have made in his Favour, he would hardly sleep a Wink all Night for Joy. You are mistaken [answered Miss] Sir *John* is not much transported with Womens Favours, he is too well used to 'em to set any Price upon them; neither are my Thoughts of him so free from Reflections as they were once:

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once: I cannot reconcile the Story of the *Bagnio* to Honour, and am sometimes forced to think my own Safety was owing to my Change of Dress. O Ingratitude [cried *Jenny*] if that be true, all Mankind are Monsters; but Madam, you forget you must be early up, will you please to think of going to Bed? Yes [said Miss *Friendly*] and to sleep too, for I begin to grow drowsy. Sir *John* was all this While snug in the Closet, where he heard all, and sometimes wished it out of his Power to ruin the Lady, but his Scheme was laid, and all Things succeeded to his Wish. The Time came, the Lady asleep in one Bed, her Maid in another, and Sir *John* had all the Opportunity he expected. As soon as he heard the least stirring in the House he got up, called for his Horse, gave *Sarah* her Reward, and away he rode to *London* as fast as his Horse could carry him. The Guests at the Inn were now calling up to be gone, but Miss *Friendly* and her Maid could by no Means be awaked; the whole House was alarmed and surpris'd, a Doctor was sent for, who when he came said, they had taken some stupifying Dose, and all the Art of Man could not bring them to their Reason till it was slept off. *Sarah* was frighted out of her Wits, and feared they would die, but kept her own Counsel, as any-body else would have done. The Coach-man stood swearing, and would feign have gone without them, but not one of the Passengers would go into the Coach till

till they came. At last Miss *Friendly* came to herself, and in a quarter of an Hour more so did her Maid. They were both surpris'd at what had happened, but made Haste to get on their Clothes, and proceeded on their Journey, but continued drousy, and out of Order all Day. At Night when they came to their Inn, Miss *Friendly* ordered her Supper to be brought up into her own Chamber, the better to procure an Opportunity of talking with her Maid. *Jenny* [said she] I am strangely embarrassed about this sleepy Fit you and I have had, and am entirely of the Doctor's Opinion, that it was no Natural Repose; yet where to place either the Deceit or Design of it I know not, but my whole Thoughts have been chained to that one single Subject all this Day: Prithce what is thy Opinion of the Matter? Indeed Madam [replied *Jenny*] my Thoughts have had as little Variety as yours, nor am I less perplexed to find out what I am sure has a Secret in the Bottom; but whence it sprung, or what Drift they had is past my Comprehension: I am only vexed I did not ask the Maid at the Inn, from whom she had the Sweet-meats she brought; for, if there was any Design at all against you, it was certainly lodged in the Mack-rooms, because Madam, you may please to remember, neither you or I eat of any thing else. That [answered Miss *Friendly*] is what increases my Astonishment, because they certainly came from some-body that knows how
fond

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fond I am of them. But are you sure, *Jenny*, you locked the Door before you went to Bed, for there is a great deal in that one single Article. Yes Madam [answered *Jenny*] I am very sure I lock'd it, but I doubt it was open in the Morning, or how did every body get in. Perhaps [replied the poor Lady in Tears] they broke it open when they could not awake us; but be it how it will, I fear I am ruined past Redemption. *Jenny* seemed confounded at what her Lady said, and was now sorry she had owned so much: But while she was striving to remove her Lady's Fears, a Servant came up and said, A Gentleman below enquired for one Mistress *Friendly*. But her late Disturbance gave her a new Concern, and she trembling, answered, she would see nobody: Yes my Dear [said a Voice behind] You will see me I am sure. She soon knew it was her Father's, who, with a Tenderness worthy of that Name, was come to meet her; the sight of whom for some time banished all Concern, and she recalled her own Pretty Temper to entertain him with Cheerfulness. After she had enquired after her Mamma's Health, and such Things, Supper came up; and as they eat, Mr. *Friendly* kindly enquired after Sir *John Galliard*. Miss told him, he went to *France* about Three Days before she came from *London*; but believed it was rather a Frolick, than any Desire he had to travel. Methinks [replied Mr. *Friendly*] I feel Pain for the Mismanagement of that young Gentleman,

because, next to my own, I have a Tenderness for him, and it would please me more to see him Old Sir *John* in Behaviour and Principles, than to increase my Estate some Hundreds in a Year. Indeed Papa [said Miss] my Brother and I have little Cause to thank you for that; but I hope there is a great deal more Expectation of your doing one, than seeing the other. Why, Child [answered Mr. *Friendly*] do you hope so? I have enough to make ye both easy in Life: And should a Luxurious Superfluity take place against the Good of our Neighbour? No! I am so far from retracting what I have said, that I would freely give some Hundreds out of what I already enjoy, to see him what I wish: It is a poor sordid spirit that is confined to itself only, a Generous Good Man has an extensive Fund of Good Wishes for all Mankind in general; but in a particular Manner for his Friends, and those he loves. Truly Sir [replied the Pert Chamber-Maid] if Sir *John Galliard* goes on as he begins, for ought I know, he may come to thank you for all you can spare him. Forbid it Heaven! [said the Good Old Man] that he should ever want my Bounty; but if he does, while I have Life and Six-pence he shall share the latter. Too Kind, too Generous a Declaration, in Favour of one whose Black Ingratitude made him the least deserving of such strict, such noble Friendship. The Worthy Gentleman and his Darling Daughter got safe home

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home the next Day, and Sir *John* was now again at *London* entertaining his Five Senses with every Modish Delight: But though he had always indulged himself in Libertine Principles, and believed, that Man was made for nothing but to gratify his own sensual Desires; yet the secret Impulses of his Mind [which he was very loth to call Conscience] often gave him the Lie, and told him, A Curb was sometimes as necessary for Man as Beast: He could not reflect on the Base Action he had so lately done to an Innocent Virgin, the Only Daughter of a most Worthy Gentleman, who loved him, and had given him a Thousand Demonstrations that he did so; one whose seasonable Counsels had once made an Impression on his Mind, given with all the Sweetness, Candor and Affection in the World, though now worn off to make Way for every contrary Quality: He could not think on those Things without Remorse and short-liv'd Pangs, which he always suppress'd and stifled with some Faulty new Delight. Drinking has too often been used as an Amulet against Troublesome Thoughts, which for some time stuck pretty close to our Knight, and which he endeavoured to drown in *Burgundy* and *Shampain*: But as Drinking was not his favourite Vice, he soon left that off, and struck into the *Groom-Porter's*, where his Worst Luck pursued him close, and in one Hour he saw himself rook'd out of all his Money, Watch, Ring, and every Thing
of

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of Value he had about him. He now in a Rage flung out, and called a Coach to go home, though he had not a Shilling left to pay the Hire; and in Compliance with a Weak Resolution, swore he would never go there again: But in two Hours Time the Spirit of Revenge took Place of the Fretful Devil in his Breast, and he went for a new Recruit, with which he pointed again towards the *Groom-Porter's*; and though he feared he should not meet with the proper Person on whom he would willingly vent his spleen; even he was the first Man he saw, to whom he immediately gave a Challenge to meet him, not with Sword and Pistol behind some Old House, but with Box and Dice at a Publick Gaming Table. The Brave Antagonist answered the Bold Challenger, and to it they went again. Sir *John* set high, and for some time seemed a Favourite of *Madam Fortune's*; but her Wheel turned of a sudden, and in half an Hour's time he lost an Hundred Guineas in Ready Money, and double the Sum to be paid *upon Honour* in Three Months. But all those Amusements did not answer their End, which should have driven the Injured *Miss Friendly* out of his Head; but, on the contrary, set him on Thinking more than ever: And in his Intervals, when Reason was admitted, and a serious Thought had Leave to thrust in, he fancied all his Ill-Luck was sent him upon her Account, but that he presently stifled, and cried to himself ——— Z——s,

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Fool, there's nothing in't——Conscience! D—n the Bugbear! 'tis a Curfed Imposition forced upon Man to keep his free-born Mind in subjection, and make him a Slave to the Caprices of a Whimsical Priest. No, *Galliard* [continued he] regard not what is past, but study to gratify the present, and to come; if our Lives are confined to a few Years, who would lose a Moment's Pleasure? We are sure of what we have, but what is to come is uncertain; Therefore, as an Industrious Tradesman takes daily Care to provide for his Family, so will I for my Delights: He that wants Courage to pursue his Pleasures has lost the Goust of Life; and, like a Tedder'd Horse, sees his Confinement to a Fairy Circle of the same Food, without the least Prospect of Dear Variety.

This sensual Soliloquy set our Knight upon searching after new Pleasures; he had heard very much of a Goodly Sett of Men, who distinguished themselves by the Name of the *HELL-FIRE-CLUB*; and thought, if he could but make Friends to get himself initiated a Member of that Glorious Dare-Devil Society, he should be a Compleat *Modern Fine Gentleman*. But before they would admit him, they resolved to try his Courage, and a small Detachment from the whole Body was selected to make the Experiment. Sir *John* was order'd to meet them in St. *Martin's* Church-Yard about One o'Clock in the Morning, where, on a Tomb-stone were set Wine
and

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and Glassess, with no Light but a Bundle of Brimstone-Matches set on Fire: And if Sir *John* could Devoutly Drink, *A Health to the DEVIL*, without Hesitation, or being shock'd, he was from that time to be reckon'd one of them; if not, he was to be cashier'd, and fined Twenty Marks for the Use of the CLUB, as a Just Punishment for his Impudence, in pretending to what he durst not go thorough-stitch with; but Sir *John* most Heroically saved both his Money and Credit, having the Honour to begin the Health himself. Sure the Liquor must be hot where the *Devil's* the Toast; and the Health very Ridiculous, where the BEING is Denied: But the saucy Watch interrupted their Diabolical Mirth, or rather they disturbed the Watch, by giving the first On-set, who proving a Parcel of sturdy Fellows, fell on without many Words, and routed the whole Herd; some they took Prisoners, and some took to their Heels. Sir *John* was among the Run-aways, and made his Escape, saying, The *Devil* might have had more Manners than to see them routed by a Parcel of Scoundrels; while they were shewing so much Civility to him. He was now arrived at the End of his One and Twentieth Year, and had by that Time run the Gauntlet through every Vice of the Town, which is not improperly so called, since every Vice has its Lash, and chastised him as he went: His Drinking made him sick, his Gaming made him poor,

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his Mistresses made him unsound; and his other Faults gave him sometimes Remorse, though as he had neither innate Principles of Virtue, or the Prejudices of a Good Education to wear off, or struggle with, he in the main made himself very easy: And one Day, as he was going through a certain Street, he saw an Old Lady of his Acquaintance, called Mother *N—d—m*, standing at her Door. She bless'd herself [which was very rare] at the sight of Sir *John Galliard*, whom she began to Reproach for his long Absence. He excused himself by saying, he had now left off all those Things, was resolved to live Honest, and only keep just one Lady or two for his own Diversion, and have nothing to do with any more. But she, Good Creature, was not willing they should part so; and therefore threw the Old Bait in his Way, told him, she had a Curious Fine Girl in the House, that was just come out of the Country, brought by a Fellow that would feign have Ravish'd her, but she was resolved there should be no such Disorderly Dings in her House: so she believed he was gone to take a Lodging for her; and if Sir *John* would walk in, he should see her, and try to gain her Favour. This was a Temptation too strong to be resisted by the Knight, he struck in after the Baud, who conducted him up-stairs to a little Room, where, before they enter'd, they heard the poor Young Creature cry most pitifully; the Old
One

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One enter'd first and after her Sir *John*, the Girl in Tears thought it had been her Ravisher, return'd and cry'd, kill me, kill me, for I'll never be your Wife, I had rather be torn to Pieces than marry my Brother's Footman.

No my sweet Child [said old *Jezabella*] this is not the Rogue that would have ravish'd you, this is a fine young Gentleman that is come to help you: At that the young Lady turn'd her blubberd Face towards him, and on a suddain got up, ran to him with open Arms and cry'd aloud, my Brother, my Brother. This was extreamly surprizing to Sir *John*, who knew her not, her Face was so disguised with her Tears, he stood some Time to consider her and asked her many Questions before he could believe it really was his Sister, all which she answered so pertinently that he no longer doubted the Truth, then he enquired how she came there, and what Rogues Hands she was fallen into. She said one Evening just after she and the rest of the Misses had supp'd, *Tom* that was once his Footman, and afterwards her Mamma's Steward, came to the Boarding-school where she was placed, and told her Mamma had sent for her to go home for a Week or a Fortnight, I was glad [continued she] and got ready presently, he took me up behind him, no body suspecting but that he was sent as he said, and at Night after he had rid very hard he brought me to an Inn, and said Mamma was gone to *London*, and he was to carry

carry me after her, I still was better pleased and never doubted but he told me true, so he brought me to this House three Days ago, and asked me if I would marry him? Then I spit at him and asked for Mamma, he told me she was at *Galliard-ball*, and if I would marry him he would carry me back to-morrow Morning, but if I refused him he would ravish me and then sell me to the *Turks*, and he would have been as good as his Word if this kind Lady here had not come to help me; he is now gone to get a Lodging, where he said he would do what he pleased with me, and if you leave me I am sure he will kill me. No, [replied Sir *John*] you are now very safe, but I would fain see how far this Dog's Villany will go, I am resolved to abscond when I hear him coming, and desire you will behave as if you knew of no Help at hand. O said the poor young Lady, I tremble to think I shall ever see him more, I hear his Voice, he is just coming. Sir *John* and the old Woman stepped into a Closet in the Room, and *Tom* came up-stairs. Come Madam [cry'd he] I am now provided of a Lodging, where I may do as I see fit, and will now tell you 'tis neither Love or Lust that makes me desire either to marry or lie with you, it is sweet Revenge that spurs me on, and you alone are destined for the Mark. Revenge, she said, why what have I done to you? Nothing Madam, answered *Tom*, you are innocent, so was my poor Wife, and yet she suffered by your Mother's faulty Hand, and so shall

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Call you by mine, make no Noise, if you do I shall find a way to silence it, come prepare, put on your Geers and submit your Neck to the Yoak I have provided for it : Stay [answered Sir *John* coming out of the Closet] and prepare your own for that Halter which will certainly fall to your share, Villain what hast thou said, and what are the Grounds of thy Accusation? speak quickly or thou hast spoke thy last, Dog make hast I cannot hold my Hands. *Tom* was so confounded at the unexpected Sight of his late Master that he stood like one struck dumb, but fear of loosing a worthless wretched Life gave his Tongue its usual Motion, and he begg'd his Master to suspend his just Resentment till he could lay before him all his Wrongs which required a more private Place than that they were now in. But Sir *John* who could consider a little upon Occasion fear'd he should hear more of what he knew too much already, and that the Fellow might have too just a Cause for Complaints, and therefore thought good to dismiss him with no other Chastisement than a broken Pate. This was the first Time Sir *John Galliard* ever commanded his Passion, and it must stand as a Monument raised to his Prudence, since a higher Resentment would have set the World upon enquiring after the Cause, which would only have spread a Mother's Infamy and brought a slur on a Sister's Character, he therefore stayed where he was, Night came on to favour the Escape of the latter out of a very scandalous House, the Principle

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ciple of which [though a notorious Baud] he was now forced to have some value for, because her Invitation [though a criminal one] had saved an only Sister from a very black Design; as soon as it was dark his Footman brought a Coach to the Door, and he conveyed the Lady to his own Lodgings, where she was no sooner arrived than she begg'd to go to Bed, for her late Fright and Want of rest had left her no Spirits. Her Lodgings were immediately got ready and she as soon got into them, where a quiet Mind lull'd her to that Repose which a troubled one had for some Nights deprived her off. Sir *John* after the young Lady retired sat a while to consider of the late Adventure, which soon work'd it self off, to make Way for something more pleasing, his darling Diversion was intreiguing, which he carried on with so much Address that he had a Mistress in almost every street in Town, which impaired his Estate as well as Constitution and left both in a declining Condition, but he is now undisputed Master of a fine hereditary Estate, which he made a little too bold with in his Nonage, yet a future good Management will retrieve all. He now sat considering with which of his Madams he should spend the rest of the Evening, when his Man came up and told him a Lady in a Coach at the Door enquired for him. She is come [said he] in a very good Time to end my Disputes, pray bid her come up, not doubting but it was one of the fair Ones he wanted. She no sooner entered

entered than he saw it was Lady Galliard, with a look that spoke the inward Troubles of her Mind and e're he could approach her burst into Tears.

It is certain that faulty Ladies past Behaviour had taken away very much of that Love and Duty which is due from a Child to a Parent, but Sir John, conscious of his own innumerable Faults would willingly at that Time have cry'd quits, and though his brutish Way of Living had almost unman'd him he yet felt some Returns of Nature pleading in behalf of a disturbed Mother, the Cause of whose Distress he knew, and pleased himself to think he soon should end it, he ran to her and took her in his Arms, saying, Why Madam are you thus afflicted, am I the unhappy Cause? Or does some new Misfortune wait upon your Hours? Believe me Madam, I will contribute to your Ease if I have it in my Power, and beg I may share the heavy Load in hopes of making yours the lighter. Lady Galliard's Weight was great indeed for she lay under the Pressures of a wounded Mind, and often told herself the Misfortunes that attended her Children were heap'd upon them for her Faults. Sir John [said she] my Troubles flow from too many Fountains, and if I complain of your Conduct I shall doubtless hear of my own, I confess I am ashamed of one and grieve for both, I wretched I, am destined to Misfortunes, your Sister is irrecoverably lost, conveyed away, but spare my shame and ask me not by whom.

No

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No Madam [replied Sir John] I need not ask by whom, I know much more of that Affair than you imagine, dry up your Tears, your Daughter is safe and under my Protection, her better Genius sent me in a very critical Hour to her Rescue, which saved her from a Chain of Ills design'd her, but how were my Ears filled with Horror when I heard a Mother accused for something that sounded much like Murder. How! said Lady Galliard, and did my Accuser go away with Life. F---th Madam [return'd Sir John] I was once going to stab the Rascal, but considered 'twas pity to take his Life for complaining of his Wrongs, but no more, this Subject must needs be ungrateful to us both, and I beg it may drop, my Sister is in this House, to whom I will convey you after some Repast: In the mean Time I must enquire after my Country Acquaintance, How does Mr. *Friendly* and all his Family do? Do, replied Lady Galliard, have you never heard of their Misfortune, I own I was not willing to send you word of it, because I would not spread the poor young Lady's shame, but she has now a Child, and to compleat her wretched Character and make herself a Jest to every body, she says and persists in it that no body got it, and both she and her Maid tells a most silly Story of some sleepy Sweetmeats sent by no body knows who, with so many other Circumstances that poor Mr. *Friendly*, when they first found out she was with Child, went back to the Inn where it
seems

seems the Scene was lay'd, to enquire a little into the Matter, but the Maid who brought the Bait was gone away with Child and no body knew where. This was so far from giving our poor Neighbour any Satisfaction that it doubled his Grief, and he now languishes under such a profound Disorder that the whole Neighbourhood is in Pain for his Life, which most People think will soon be ended. At this Account Sir *John* turn'd pale and trembled exceedingly, which Lady *Galliard* took Notice of and said, I see your Gratitude to that good Man in your Concern for him, and am pleas'd at it, because I know he loves you almost equal to his own, defends your Faults when he hears you blamed for them, calls them the Follies of Youth which your Reason, when grown a little stronger, will suddainly banish; calls you his dear Sir *John*, and always names you with the Tenderness of a Father.

At this Sir *John* in spight of Manhood and his Love to Vice, dropt a conscious Tear, which when he had wiped away he thus proceeded, but how Madam [continued he] does the young Lady behave under her Misfortunes? Have you seen her lately? No [returned Lady *Galliard*] she has put herself into half Mourning, keeps her Chamber, cries continually, and sees no body but her heart-broken Parents, her Maid and Child, her Brother was sent to travel before the Thing was known, so that he is happily a Stranger to it all. Would I were

so too, replied the Knight, for I feel the utmost Pangs of Grief for that dear wretched Family. Lady Galliard now grew impatient to see her Daughter, whom she was loath to disturb, but after a light Supper Sir John conducted her to the young Lady's Bed, they met each other with a mutual Joy and Lady Galliard took a Lodging with her for that Night. Sir John return'd to his own Apartment and flung himself upon his Bed, where Gratitude, Humanity, Good Nature and Pity began to take their Places in his Breast. O Galliard, said he, wretched Galliard, what hast thou done? And how hast thou for a few Hours of brutal Pleasure entail'd an Infamy upon a whole Family, nay upon a Family that always loved thee even in spite of my own Demerits, and with a tender Care endeavour'd to wash out the Stains of thy Character, and hast thou in return of so much Goodness branded theirs with an eternal Disgrace, had I taken the lovely Creature's Jewel by her own Consent she had shared the Crime with me, but to violate her Honour without her Knowledge is laying her under *Cassandra's* Fate, always to speak Truth but never be believed, for who will credit a Woman that says she has a Child which never had a Father, so that base as I am, I have not only laid her Innocence under the Character of a Whore but have made her a Jest to all Mankind, when she asserts so great a Truth as that she never knew a Man.

But

But then as if he had a War within his Breast betwixt his good and evil Angels, he started up and cry'd avant, ye tender Motions of my Soul and leave me free as Air to Revel in some new, some fresh Delights, the force of which may bear superiour Weight and crush the poor relenting Thoughts of Pity, it is more than sufficient I have destroyed their Peace, I'll now endeavour to preserve my own—but then the dear injured Girl—Why, what of her— Again he cry'd, is she not a Woman and was she not made for the Pleasure and Delight of Man, away fond Thoughts I'll hear no more nor give a farther Audience to thy impertinent Harangues, be gone I say and trouble me no more. We may here see the struggles betwixt Nature and a loose Education, each arm'd with Weapons to defend it self, and sometimes one and sometimes t'other's Victor. The next Morning Lady Galliard, whose Mind was much easier since the Recovery of her Daughter, would fain have persuaded Sir John to make her perfectly happy and go with her into the Country to take a full Possession of his fine Estate, but that was a Work required more than a little Time to finish, a single Persuasion was not sufficient nor any Arguments strong enough to remove our Knight, which when Lady Galliard saw, she resolved to take her Daughter and be gone without him, but first she paid off his Debts, both of Honour and Extravagance; after which she made the following Speech: You are now Sir John set

free in the World both from Debt and all, Restraining, sole Master of a large and disentangled Estate, which one would think impossible for one single Person to encumber, but that I am forced to leave to your own Discretion, for if you contemn'd my Advice while you were yet a Minor, I have little Reason to believe it will meet with a ready Acceptance now you are perfectly your own Master, yet if my Intreaties could be of any force, I should urge them in your own Behalf and beg you would not live without thought. Madam [return'd Sir *John*] if I make an excusive Answer it will certainly be attended with some Reproach which I would fain avoid. It is certain that very few People's Lives are concluded without some faulty Scenes which may perhaps leave a sting behind, and yet for my Part I must grow weary of Pleasure before I leave it, and to strike into Rules of Gravity while we are Boys, is to be born old and never know the Pleasures of Youth. I find Sir [answer'd Lady *Galliard* with some Disorder] the guilty are to be no Instructors, yet they that make a Trip once need not stumble as long as they live, nor is it necessary that he who steals an Egg for his Dinner should be an Accomplice with one who breaks a House, I am far from excusing my own Failings of which I shall ever be ashamed, but you may remember when you convicted me, how full of bitter Investives you were against me, and yet your Behaviour since has only shown that we are readier to spy small Faults in others than
great

great ones in our selves, I am sorry there is any to be found between us, but since you would hint that Example goes so far, let that of Contrition find a Place and leave your Faults by the same Example you act them. Methinks Madam [retured Sir *John*] it gives me a little Pain to hear you call your Actions small Faults, and hope you will please to consider the vast Disparity betwixt both our Ages and Sexes, there are a thousand Things perhaps not very innocent which I may act and no Notice taken of them, which in you would draw the Eyes of every body towards them, Women are naturally modest, Men naturally impudent, and in short there is no comparing the Actions of one with the other.

This Dialogue which admitted of something pretty sharp on both Sides, was interrupted by a Voice below enquiring for Sir *John*, Lady *Galliard* withdrew and the Stranger was introduced, on whose Face Sir *John* no sooner cast his Eye than he saw it was the little Gentleman with whom he had had an Intrigue at the *Bagnio* some Time before, and now again in Man's Apparell, Sir *John* received her with some Transport and Warmth, which she return'd with bare good Manners and a modest Indifference: The Knight told her he was a little impatient to know the Effect of their last Meeting, and whether it answered the wish'd for Intent. She told him no, she could not say it had, though there was a Child, but it proved a Daughter. Sir *John* was not long before

he kindly offered his Service to get a Son, the Lady told him she was very ready to comply, with only one Proviso, you are to know Sir *John*, my Errand to you now is very different from my last, and as I then tender'd you my Honour I would now recall it, and give you in its Place my Heart, which is now by the Death of my Spouse at my Disposall, he has left me a very plentiful Estate, and the present Question is, do you like my Person, Face and Fortune well enough to take me for your own, with no other Fault than what you are a sharer in, if so you will find me Mistress of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year and your self Master of both. Sir *John* look'd a little queere at the Proposal, and told the Lady he had no Objection against either herself or Circumstance, but Matrimony was a Monster he should never have Courage enough to encounter with, said he should be glad to serve her in any other Capacity, and should take the Sight of his Child as a very particular Favour, but Z—s Madam, continued he, a Husband is a d——d Name for a Man that hates Confinement and loves Variety as much as I do, beside Marriage is the direct Road to Indifference, where we travel a few Days and then strike into that of Hatred, Variance, Strife, Noise, and the D—l and all. No Madam, if we design to love let us live single, a Man may preserve an Appetite that takes only a Snack by the by, but a full Meal very often gorges the Stomach and turns to lothing and surfeits. Sir *John*, replied the Lady

Lady with some Emotion, I would not have your Vanity swell to high upon this Occasion, nor fancy the Offer I have made you proceeds from any extraordinary Liking I have to your Person, but entirely from the Reflection of your being the undoubted Father of my Child, since I never came into a Bed with my Spouse after I had been with you, for at my Return I found him ill of a Fever, which increased till it killed him, I then forbore to write to you till I saw the Event of the foolish Action I had committed, and then resolved either to be the lawful Wife of Sir *John Galliard* or never know a Man again. Why upon my S---l Madam, return'd the Knight, I must own myself oblig'd to you that you are so very willing to give up all your Charms intirely to me, but as my Person is not the Inducement, I hope no violent Action will ensue from my Refusal, but prithy Widow let me see the Child, F---h methinks I long to look at something that may prove my Manhood, come I'll give it a Whistle and Bells. Your Child Sir *John* [replied she] wants no Whistle, but is far from hence and so am I when I am at home, and since your Principles hang so loose about you, I shall think it very fit to keep her at a Distance lest their Infection should reach the tender Bud and blast each Virtue as it grows up in her. O Madam, replied the fleeing Knight, the Girl I warrant you will never want Virtue while the Father and Mother are both so well stock'd. That Answer cut the poor Lady so deep

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deep that she burst into Tears, told him his Reproach was very just and what her Folly well deserved, then left him. As soon as she was gone Sir *John* called a Servant and bid him dog the Gentleman who was just gone out, and find his Lodgings, but to keep at such a Distance as that he might not perceive he was after him. The Footman follow'd and the Lady had not gone far before she call'd a Coach, but the Man being not near enough to hear the Order where to go, as soon as the Gentleman [which he took the Lady for] was got in he whipt up behind, and the Coach stopt at the *Black Swan* in *Holborn*, from whence Stage Coaches go to more Parts of the Kingdom than one, as soon as the Coach stopt the Fellow got down and slipt aside till it drove off, and then return'd and went to the Inn, he pull'd of his Hat with an Air of great Respect to one of the Drawers, and desired a Mug of *Nottingham Ale*, which when he had brought he desired he would please to sit down and take share on't: The Drawer was surpris'd at all this Civility from a Footman, who seldom have any for those above them, much less for their Inferiours; pray Master, said *Dick* the Footman, what do you call the little Gentleman who came in here just now.

I fancy [said the Drawer] by your Manners and Ignorance you are just come out of the the Country, do you think we trouble our Heads with the Names of our Guests? No, Child, our Business is to give them what they

they want, and see they don't run away in our Debt: But this Gentleman you ask after, came last Night in the ——— Stage-Coach, and goes away again To-morrow-Morning; he is this Minute with the Book-keeper entering his Name. I was a Drawer here myself [said *Dick*] about ——— let me see ——— How long have you lived here, Brother? Lived here, [said the Drawer] why, I have lived here, come the fourth of *June* next, just four Years. Aye [said *Dick*] 'tis just so long since I left it; And what do you think I was turn'd away for? Egad! because I would not nick my Chalk, and score two for one; a squeamish Conscience never does well in those Publick Houses; but they repented their parting with me, for I writ a very good Hand, and always put down the Passengers Names. Can you Write, Brother? If you will fetch me the Book out of the Bar, I will shew you my Hand in Forty Places of it; and I'll lay you a Bottle of Cyder ——— You have some Profit in the Cyder, Brother, have you not? that you say mine is the Best Hand in the whole Book. Why [said the Drawer] As you say, I have some little Advantage from the Cyder, and I'll bring the Book on Purpose to win the Wager; for there is a good deal of my own Hand there, and the D—l's in't, if I vote against my self. The Book was brought, and while *Dick* was looking for his own Hand, which he was sure
he

he should never find, he call'd aloud for *The Cyder, the Cyder*, saying, Whoever paid for it he would help to drink it; and while the Drawer went to fetch it, *Dick* turned to the Names, and found the last set down for that County was *Mr. Venture-all*. A Dutch Man I warrant [quoth *Dick*] but here comes the Cyder. Well done Brother [said *Dick*] here take thy Book; for I had rather pay for the Liquor, and treat thee generously, than give myself any farther Trouble to find out what you at last will deny. They drank the Cyder, which when out, *Dick* paid for it, and Brother Drawer and he parted. *Dick* posted home [like *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*] with a whole Budget of News, which came at last to nothing, for Sir *John* soon knew the Name was a Feigned one; but did his Servant Justice in owning he took a very clever Way to find it out: sometimes Sir *John* had a Mind to go to the Inn, and enquire for this *Mr. Venture-all*; but then he considered the Lady had frankly declared, the greatest Motive she had in coming to him, was to make herself as near an Honest Woman as her Fault would admit, which he thought a very bad Reason why he should hope for any further Favours from her, and for complying with her Proposals, he found himself as inclinable to the other Part of Destiny, where an Halter cuts the Thread, and ends our Woes at once. Lady *Galliard* tried a few more Persuasions to get Sir *John* into the Country for a While; but the

the Wild Oats he had so long been sowing came up a-pace, and he resolved to stay and reap the Crop, she then return'd herself, and took her Daughter with her, leaving Sir *John*, because she could not help it, to trifle away both Time and Estate as the Devil and he could adjust Matters. Lady *Galliard* was no sooner gone than he began to think of setting up an Equipage, which was no more than what with Reason might be expected, because every Man according to his Ability ought to support and maintain his own Grandeur, as well as to help and encourage the Trading Part of Mankind in their Honest Labours and Industry. But as most young Heirs are apt to over-do Things, his Liveries were profusely Rich, his Attendants Extravagantly Numerous, to which I may add a Train of Lavish Jilts, daily gaping for Unreasonable Supplies from his Bounty, or to give it a more proper Name, from his Folly. Those sort of Creatures know no Bounds, when they think they have a Purse in View that will answer their Impudent Demands: An Instance of which we may see in what follows. Sir *John* among many Mistresses had One who proved a sort of a superior Favourite, and kept her Ground much longer than any of her Rivals had done, but she proved a very Chargeable One; and Sir *John*, at last, found her bestowing her Favours on some-body else, which he would by no Means believe she did. A little odd that a Man should expect a Whore
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to be honest. However, it incensed him so far, that he turn'd her off, and saw her no more for some Months; but one Day about *Mall-Time* Sir *John* accidentally met her in the *Park*: she soon saw him, and gave herself some very Grand Airs as she pass'd by him, which set the Knight a-laughing, and looking after her, cry'd Madam, you have dropt your Handkerchief, which was his own he had thrown down on purpose. She resolving to lose nothing, though she knew it was not hers; and hoping to renew her Acquaintance with him, turned about to take it up, when Sir *John* with an Air of Gallantry stooped, and presented her with it, saying, Madam, you know this is not yours, you once had the Heart of the Owner, why did you throw it away for a Trifle? A Trifle, Sir [said Madam] Why, 'tis my Business to barter for Trifles, and if I was willing to part with your Heart, why that was a Trifle too; and I would have you to know any-body's Trifle that comes with Money is as welcome to me as yours is: Beside, I never knew you had recalled your Heart; it was so much a Trifle indeed, that I have not once asked my self, What was become on't. Ah! *Betty, Betty* [said the Knight] this is all Grimace; for, if you had not been Angry at parting with my Heart, you would never have turn'd about to Angle for't again. Come, I don't care if I Dine with you to-day, that we may talk over all with
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less Passion and more Love. Well [said the half yielding Nymph] I am ashamed to think how tender my poor Heart is, which would not so readily soften into a Compliance, but that I have a Mind to hear what you can say for yourself; so if we must Dine together, tell me where, and may be, I may come, but I won't promise neither. Sir *John*, who once did like her, and had been long enough from her to fancy her new again, told her he would meet her at the *Fountain-Tavern*; and bid her go and bespeak what she herself had a Mind to. They then parted, and Madam went to the *Fountain*, and ordered a Dozen of the largest and fattest Fowls they could get to be Roasted for Sir *John Galliard* and his Company, which was accordingly done. The Hour of Dining being come, Sir *John* and his Lady met, as appointed, when, to his great surprise, he saw two Drawers enter the Room with each a Dish and six large Fowls apiece; and, according to the Lady's Order, Roasted crisp and brown. Sir *John* stood staring to see two such large Dishes of the same Food, and told the Drawers, they had mistaken the Room: Ye Couple of Blockheads [said he] do ye think two People can eat up the Dinners of twenty Men? Or, Do ye expect the Poor of the Parish to come and dine with us? Nay, nay, Sir *John* [answered the Lady] they have not mistaken the Room; set down the Fowls, [continued she] and bring up some *Burgundy*, a Bottle of *Rhenish*, and another of *German-Spaw*.

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The Drawers run to obey the Lady, while Sir *John* sate looking sometimes at her, and sometimes at the Monstrous Feast without any manner of Variety in it: Madam [said he] Did you in Reality order this Dinner? For my Part I am fill'd with the sight on't, and am in full study to find out the Hieroglyphick, for certainly there must be one in it; what the D——l can it mean? I'll soon explain the Riddle [cried the Luxurious Monster] you must know, Sir *John*, I have a great While longed to fill my Stomach with the Skin and Rumps of fat Roasted Fowls; and that is all I shall eat of these: Now, as you bid me bespeak what I liked, I hope you will not grudge it now 'tis here; but they cool, and then they are good for nothing. So to 'em she fell, and had got nine of them flea'd before the Drawers could return with the Wine, Sir *John* sate with much Patience, making some inward Reflections upon the cursed Extravagancy of such Drabs, till he saw the eleventh Fowl seiz'd, without so much as one single Invitation to him to taste: And seeing that flea'd like a Rook, and the poor remaining one in Danger, said, I am sorry, Madam, you did not bespeak two dozen instead of one, that I might have dined with you: But since I find here are short Commons, I beg you will let me have a Wing of this unexcoriated Animal, and the next time we dine together you shall flea me; sure the whole Race of Whores are the Offspring of *Epicurus*. I do not believe [re-

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plied Madam] he was any Relation of mine, because I never heard of him before; but if he was one that lov'd a Good Dinner, I am sure he has left a very numerous Family behind him. Why sure Sir *John*, now you are come to your Estate you grow covetous, or you would never make a stir about a poor Forty Shillings Reckoning: I dare say that will pay it; and if it won't, you may take your Guinea again which you gave me a little While ago to help out. Sir *John* told her, he never club'd with his Wench; paid the House, and left her, with a second Resolution to see her no more. The New Coach was now mounted on the Wheels, and the Splendid Knight began to make his Appearance in all Publick Places, the Drawing-Room, the Park, the Mall, the Opera, the Bassett-Table, the Play-House, and every-where [except at Church] where there was Hopes of being very much seen. It must be own'd, Sir *John Galliard* had many Advantages both from Nature and Fortune that Thousands wanted; his Person perfectly agreeable, his Sense much too good for the Use he put it to, his Temper flexible and easy, even to a Fault; his Dependance centred in itself, and his glaring Equipage finished his Charms. The young Gay Part of the Female World had an Eye upon him from every Avenue, and no Art lay idle that had Hopes or Prospect of drawing him into the Nets and Purlicus which were spread in every Corner to catch the Game; but the Bold Knight stood Arm'd Cap-a-pe in

his own Defence, bidding Defiance to all Attacks, and firmly resolving to keep his Foot out of the Stocks of Dreadful Matrimony: so that the poor Ladies had the Mortification to see all their Artifices intirely baffled, and their Blooming Charms despis'd. Sir *John* had now been a great While reduced to the low Mercenary Drabs of the Town, and was clog'd, and grown weary of them, resolving to leave them all, and hunt out Nobler Game. He was one Day at the Ring admiring the Ladies, where he saw in her Father's Coach the young Miss *Wary* formerly spoken of, accompanied by a Beautiful young Girl, whom he had never seen before: she pleas'd him much, and he lick'd his Lips, and told himself, he could be very happy in her Embraces for a few Hours; and resolv'd next Day to visit her Companion, in order to find out who she was, and how he might gain Access. Next Morning before he was up, Sir *Combish Clutter*, an Intimate of Sir *John's*, came to his Lodgings, or Levee, and finding him in Bed, cry'd Z——s, Knight, What the D——l dost thou do between thy Sheets at this time of Day? Why, 'tis now six Minutes three seconds past One o'Clock, and it is impossible thou should'st get dress'd by Dinner-time: beside, I would feign have your Company in the Afternoon to see my Mistress, who came to Town but two Days ago, though I must Article with thee, Sir *Jackey*, not to Rival me, and yet I am apt to believe thy Persua-

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five Faculty will hardly go much farther than my own——— Gad she's a Fine Creature, and if you do not say so when you see her, you are a Son of a —— Hold, Sir *Combish* [return'd his Friend] and be assured I will do Justice to the Lady's Charms; but if they prove too strong to be resisted, you must give me Leave to try whose Persuasive Faculty has the most Force: but he that does not like his Friend's Choice, under-rates his Friend's Judgment; and that, Sir *Combish*, is worse than making Love to his Mistress: but where is this Sun-beam? And what do you call her? Thy Questions [return'd *Clutter*] will meet with no Answer; but get up, and let us dine together, then follow me. Sir *John* was always ready for a Walk where a Fine Lady stood at the End on't, and therefore, without Hesitation, got out of Bed, was presently dress'd, and away they went to Dinner; which when over, and the Hour of Visiting come, Sir *Combish* conducted his Friend to the Lodgings of his Mistress, which proved to be at Mr. *Wary's*, and the Lady the same he had a Design upon at the Ring. He secretly gave himself Joy of his Success, and did not fail to promise himself a great deal from the happy Circumstances of her being in a House where he had some Acquaintance [though not much Interest since the *Bagnio-Exploit*] and being introduced by her Lover, as a second good Omen from his propitious Stars, and resolved to ply her with Love the first Opportunity that

offer'd, which he swore should never slip thro' his Fingers, he carrest her even before her Lover with the extremest Gallantry, and she must have had a Load of Cupid's Dust blown in her Eyes, had she not seen a very considerable Difference betwixt Sir *John Galliard* and Sir *Combish Clutter*, the latter of which shortened his Visit, not only to prevent the Exchange of Glances between Sir *John* and the Lady, but to humour his Impatience which was in a woundly Hurry to have Sir *John's* Opinion of his Choice. They adjourn'd again to the Tavern where Sir *John* told him his Choice was his Master-piece, and he had never shewn his Judgment to so much Advantage before, but I always understood [continued he] that you were utterly averse to Marriage, and yet I fancy the little Angel expects nothing more than honourable Love.

Why aye, [return'd Sir *Combish*] there it is the D—l enters with his Horns to push us from our easy Happiness, 'tis d—-d hard that if we lie with a fine Woman once we must be forced to do so as long as we both live, but I don't know--- the pritty Fool loves me, and I think it a pitty to break her Heart, though I believe a Months Enjoyment will change my Mind, for a surfieted Stomach does not care if the D—l had the Dish that overcharged it. Nay Knight [replied Sir *John*] you out do me abundantly, for as well as I love Variety, I dare say I could be constant to that Lady twice as long as you speak of, and retire at last without one nauti-
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ating Thought, but where the D—l didst thou pick up that lovely Girl? Prithee marry her, and let me [when thou art weary] have her a while, I'll show my Humility by being content with thy Leavings. Aye b--g-- Knight so you may [return'd Sir *Combish*] for I have taken up with yours more than once, tho' it was through Ignorance, for had I known it I should as soon have taken a Bone you had pick'd for a Repast as a Mistress you had discarded for my Diversion, but what the D—l dost thou see in me to make thee fancy any Woman that has once been familiar with me, could ever have a Taste for any body else, no, no Knight I shall never have one uneasy Thought about that Affair, e'ne win her and wear her b--g—, but I bar forestalling the Market, no Attempts till after Consummation, and then---- But I must leave thee Sir *Jackey*, for I have an Assignment upon my Hands at *Greenwich*, which I must answer this once though only to take my Leave of a rare brisk Girl, and if I thought the Jade would listen to my Proposal I did not much care if I resigned her over to thee, f--h she has two good Qualities, she is sweet and sound but a little humersome and pretty expensive. Sir *John* thank'd him, said he loved to choose his own Whores, of which [*Venus* be praised] there was very good store: and then the two Knights parted, one to *Greenwich* and the other to Mr. *Wary's* again, under Pretence of enquiring after a stray Snuff-box.

Sir *Combish* had with his conceited Speeches
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a little picqued him, which when joyned to the liking he had for the Lady, made him very industrious to get into her favour, nay, he was so set upon Revenge that he resolved to offer Marriage rather than loose the Pleasure of it, as doubtless there is a great deal in baulking a Coxcomb. He found the Ladies at Picquet, and told them if they would change their Game he would make one at Ombre for an Hour or two, which they were pleased with, and to Ombre they went, but while the Knight's Fingers were busied with the Cards his Eyes had other Employment and were hard at work darting a thousand kind Things at the Lady's Breast, which aimed at nothing but her utter Ruin. She understood their talk and return'd as much as Modesty and a short Acquaintance would admit of. Sir *John* well read in Women's Looks, beheld all hers with Pleasure, and being a little willing to sift her Inclinations somewhat farther said, I am glad Madam I happened to return again and hope I have help'd to drive away some of those Melancholy Minutes that sometimes hang upon a Lady's Hands in the Absence of a favour'd Lover. Sir replied the Lady [whom I shall call by the common Name of *Belinda*] you would be kind in explaining yourself and telling us who you mean by a favour'd Lover, for my Part I brought a Heart to *London* entirely disengaged, and till I see something of higher Merit than it can hope to deserve, am resolved to keep it so. Sir *John* was pleased at the fa-

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vourable Declaration and hoped it would joyn with his Design, but made the following Answer: If your Heart Madam be disengaged, what will become of poor Sir *Combish*, whose Hopes of you I have some Reason to believe is in a very flourishing Condition, and do you now say your Heart is disengaged. Sir *John* [return'd *Belinda*] if you are well acquainted with Sir *Combish Clutter* you must needs know him for a Man of too much Vanity to believe his Offers can be rejected wherever he vouchsafes to tender them, I must own he has been so very condescending as to tell me he liked my Person and Temper, which doubtless he design'd as a very particular Favour, and when I have acknowledged it as such and given him my Thanks accordingly, he has then all the Return he must ever expect from me. I think then, answered Miss *Wary*, since you are so indifferent you had best make a Deed of Gift to me of Sir *Combish*, methinks your Ladyship sounds so prittily upon the Tip of every Tongue. Aye Child [return'd *Belinda*] the sound is well enough, but if the Man that gives us the Honour is nothing but sound himself, in my Opinion one had as good be tied to a Drum, and for giving you Sir *Combish*, I am very glad it is not in my Power, for I never give away any Thing but what's my own, and I here faithfully promise I will never have a Title either to him or from him while I live. Sir *John* was giving himself a vast deal of secret Pleasure at the hearing of all this, when

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when *Belinda's* Maid came in with a Letter in her Hand for her Lady, which she look'd upon and knew it was from her Sister, she begg'd Leave to withdraw while she read it. Sir *John* with his usual Gallantry told her, he had much rather dispense with a little Breach in foolish Decorum than loose the substantial Pleasure of her Company, though but the short Time of reading a Letter, beside Madam I see it is a Lady's Hand which can neither raise a Blush in your Cheeks or Jealousy in my Breast.

Jealousy Sir *John* [return'd *Belinda*] you surprise me greatly, I thought that silly Whim had never taken place any where but in the Breast of a Lover, nor there neither unless he saw violent Signs of Encouragement given to a Rival— but since you tollerate ill Manners I will read my Letter which I own I am a little impatient to do: She opened it and found what follows:

M*Y trembling Hand is now employed to tell you, my dear Child is extremely ill, and you well know I share the Malady, fly to see it while alive and help to comfort a distracted Sister.*

P. S. *Dear Bell make hast.*

Sir *John* who with inward Delight beheld *Belinda's* fine Face, saw it alter and grow pale, he

he asked the Cause of her Disturbance, she made no secret of the Contents of her Letter, said she would be gone next Morning, but Miss *Wary* told her that was impossible unless she hired a Coach on purpose, for the Stage went not out till the Day after, she answered, no Consideration should retard her Journey, there were Coaches enough to be had for Money which was a Trifle compared to the Peace of a Sister. Sir *John* had now an excellent Opportunity of shewing his Complaisance by offering his Coach to the Lady and himself to be her Convoy, which he did with an Air of so much Sincerity and good Manners, that the young Lady hardly knew how to refuse the Compliment, though she urged the Trouble it must needs give him, and that so great a Favour could no way be expected from one so much a Stranger to her, begg'd he would excuse her Acceptance and give her Leave to take a Hackney Coach, but Sir *John* liked the lucky Opportunity too well to loose it, and therefore most strenuously urged his Coach might convey her home. She at last consented and Sir *John* posted home to give Orders for a Journey in the Morning. When he was gone the observing Miss *Wary* who was no way his Friend, told *Belinda* she wish'd her a safe Deliverance from him, said a Woman's Honour in his Hands was in much greater Danger than a Ship in a Storm, for there was a Possibility of one being saved while the other must inevitably perish, and when she had said so much, she told

told her the Reason why she had so low an Opinion of him. But *Belinda* was now prejudiced in Favour of Sir *John* and thought Miss *Wary's* Invectives proceeded rather from a little Envy than any real Demerit in the Knight, she saw nothing in him which displeased her and was resolved to trust to her own Virtue and his Honour, but Miss *Wary* who had not her Name for naught, and who well knew the advantagious Offers Sir *John* had often had if he would have resolved to marry, was in too much Concern for her Friend to let her Advice drop, till she had given it a little farther, she much fear'd Sir *John's* Designs were not honourable and therefore proceeded thus: Suppose *Belinda* any Misfortune should attend you in this Journey do you not think your Prudence would be a very great Sufferer, which ought to tell you, Sir *John Galliard* is in the first Place a perfect Stranger to you, and next that he is as much a Libertine; remember you have warning given you by one that has known him some Time, and what Danger may not a young Girl as you are, apprehend from the Power of one who never denied himself any Satisfaction in Life, and what is your Maid and you in the Hands of him and all his Servants, I tremble for the Danger you seem to be in, and beg of you to stay another Day and take the Stage-Coach. But *Belinda* was now very sure that all Miss *Wary's* Care proceeded from Jealousy, that she had a Mind to Sir *John* herself and could not bear the Thought

Thought of his Civility to her, she therefore answered thus: That I am a Stranger to Sir *John Galliard* I very readily own, but cannot believe him a Man of so much Dishonour as to commit a Rape. and I know myself too well to fear I shall ever consent to any Action which cannot reconcile itself to Virtue, I have, you know, but one Sister in the World, and she is very dear to me, her only Child whose Life is hers, is in danger, and can I be so cruel as to loose one Hour in posting to her? No, I would if possible, fly with the Wind to her Comfort, and beg you will have no Concern for my safety of which you shall hear as soon as I get home.

Miss *Wary* resolved to say no more; but when they had supp'd they went to bed: *Belinda* was soon stirring in the Morning, and got ready by that Time the Coach and Owner came to the Door. Breakfast over they set forward, and Sir *John* had now Time to make Love without Interruption; a Work he was so well vers'd in, that he knew how to model his Tale to every Taste, and where he foresaw a Difficulty, the Hook was baited with a little Touch of Matrimony. But how resolved soever *Belinda* was to reject Miss *Wary's* Counsel, it put her however upon her Guard, and she kept a constant Centry at the Door of her Virtue, armed with Resolution to defend it for ever. Sir *John* soon perceived it, and began to fear he had a Piece of Work upon his Hands, which would take some time to finish. The Introduction to his Amour was an En-

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deavour to raise her Vanity, by chiming continually in her Ears, the Multitude of Merits she was invested with, and how impossible it was to view her Charms, without everlasting Captivity. Sir *John* [replied the Lady] your Love, like a Thunder-shower, comes on too violent and too hastily to last long; but I beg you will lay the subject by till I have seen my Dear Sister, and know how her poor little Girl does; for till she recovers, I shall never be in a Humour gay enough to listen to Love.

Why Madam [return'd Sir *John*] do you enjoyn me a Task impossible for me to observe? Do you imagine I can sit near *Belinda*, and be insensible of her Charms? Or ——— No more, for Heaven's sake [interrupted the Lady] for who, that has ever taken Notice of a Modern Husband's Behaviour, can with Patience listen to a Modern Beau making Love; the latter all Adoration, Praise, Rapture and Lies; the other Jarring, Discord, Indifference, and down-right Hatred; one breathes nothing but Darts, Flames, and soft melting sighs, the other cries———Damn you, Madam, you are my Aversion, we have been too long acquainted, a stale Face is the D——l, prithee take it from my sight. That, Madam [replied the Knight] is owing to our Law-givers, who force us into Fetters, and then expect we should hug them for ever. No! *Belinda*, Love is a Generous Noble Passion, values Liberty, and scorns Confinement
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and Restraint, is not a voluntary Gift infinitely more valuable than one that is wrenched and forced from the Donor, Come, my Charmer, let you and I make a Free-will-Offering of our Hearts to each other, they will soon take Root, and fix in our different Bosoms: And if yours, through the Natural Inconstancy of your Sex, should ever desire to remove, mine shall break to give it Liberty; as sure it must whenever it comes to know the Fair *Belinda* is lost: Oh! come, my lovely Charmer, streight pronounce my Joy, and say I shall be happy.

Belinda now saw with Open Eyes at what Sir *John* was driving, but thought it best to sooth his Hopes, lest a Resenting Denial should make him desperate, and while he had her in his Power, take by Force what he could not gain by Intreaty and Stratagem: she therefore told him, she saw nothing in him that was any way Disagreeable; but so short an Acquaintance could not in Reason expect a Positive Answer to the first Request: Beside, Sir *John* [continued she smiling] I would not have you engage yourself too far till you have seen another Lady, to whom I will introduce you at my Journey's End, one of superior Merit, and a much better Fortune than I can boast of. Sir *John* told her, he desired no greater Merit than she was Mistress of; and for Womens Fortunes he never enquired after them, because he never intended to trouble his Head with them. The

Lady's Person [pursued he] is all I aim at, and that I'll use as Love and Gallantry inspires me. Come *Belinda*, lay by these Virtuous Airs, Women were made to be enjoyed; and I expect your Inclinations will concur with mine, and give you to my longing Arms this Night: Great is the Addition to our Joys which a Ready Compliance brings; it saves a Man Ten Thousand Oaths and Lies, which are nothing, compared to the loss of Time spent in a fruitless Attempt; shall a Bull or Horse command a Thousand Mates, while Man the Reigning Lord of all stands cringing at his Vassal's Feet, begging to be admitted to his own? Would all Mankind assume their own Prerogative, we should soon divest ye of your pretended Virtue, and let ye see your Pride and Scorn are Weapons only turned against your selves. I am sorry, Sir *John*, [replied *Belinda* with a scornful smile] to find you take your Example for Plurality of Mistresses from the Brutes, I always thought Man a Creature above them; One that had Reason to regulate and govern his inordinate Passions, though I confess, the Comparison is very just in those Humane Monsters, who neither can, or will endeavour to subdue them; but if every Man were to choose as many Women as he likes, and take them as his proper Vassals, as you are pleased with much Civility to call us, I cannot but fancy it would destroy the whole system of life, and the best Oeconomy must be turned upside-down. But Oh! I am now too sen-

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fible of my own Obstinate Folly, which made me spurn at the Advice of a Friend, whose Kind Persuasions would have kept me from the Danger I now see myself in; but I took Sir *John Galliard* for a Man of Honour, which I now fear I shall not find him; I will therefore lay that aside, and sue for my safety to your Pity and Good-nature: You know, Sir *John*, the Basest Action in life is to Assault an unarmed Adversary. In such a case [returned the Knight] Honour only is concerned, and that you think me intirely divested of, and have laid yourself under my Pity and Good-nature for Protection, which Qualities, when they have served myself, shall certainly shed their Influence over you, but Charity, my Dear, begins at home; I must first pity my own sufferings, which my Good-nature persuades me to; and then, Child, I will consider of yours.

Belinda's Maid during all this Discourse kept nodding, and pretended to be soundly sleeping, though she heard every Word of her Lady's Danger. They were now arrived at the Inn, where they were to dine, and Sir *John* kept a watchful Eye over his Prey, lest she should by any Means give him the slip; nor would he suffer the Maid to come near her, who, having slept false all the Way, was now contriving her Lady's Escape from the Ruin she saw threatening her. She considered they had a six-Mile Forest to go over in the Afternoon, which would be too good an Op-

portunity for the Performance of any Ill, she therefore went to the Landlord, who she had often heard was a very honest Man, and told him the whole Matter. He seemed to be much concerned for the young Lady, and advised to force her out of his Hands, by a speedy Application to the first Justice of the Peace; but the Maid opposed that, and said, such a Thing would be too publick, and the Noise of it would spread every-where, and blast her Lady's Credit, she rather desired he would try to provide four sturdy Fellows well Arm'd, and well mounted to convey them safe over the Forest, and they should have their own Demands answered, let them be what they would.

The Host told her, he could easily provide her such a Number of Men, but advised her to take them quite through the Journey, for it was very likely, if the Gentleman found himself baulk'd upon the Forest, he would find some Way at Night to renew his Attempt. She approved of what he said, begg'd him to lose no Time, and tell the Men they should meet with a Reward above their own Wishes. While the Maid was thus honestly and carefully employ'd for the Good of her Mistress, the poor young Lady herself was in the utmost Consternation and Perplexity, being denied the sight of her Servant, lest they should, when together, contrive their Escape, which he was resolved they should not do till he had gained his Point, and then ~~————~~ Farewell

well Love and all soft Pleasure ——— till another Fresh Beauty presents itself, and a fresh Opportunity of acting the same Villany over again. Dinner over they again took Coach, which, as they were doing, *Belinda's* Maid had the Pleasure to see their Guard well mounted, and ready to follow them, which they did at some Distance, tho' none of the Company knew their Design but herself. An Hour and half's Riding brought them to the Forest, where Sir *John* had never been before, though his Coach-man had, and knew the Way exactly. He now began again to urge *Belinda* in Favour of his own Desires; at which she could no longer command her Tears, which flowed from her Eyes in a very plentiful Manner. Base and Degenerate Sir *John Galliard* [she cried] who has no sense of Honour, or even of the bare Rules of Hospitality, which you have most basely infringed: Am I not under your Roof and Protection, brought hither by the kindest Invitation; and do you, at last, use me worse than a Robber would do? Had I fallen into the Hands of the veriest Scoundrel upon Earth, I might have hoped for better Treatment, I only beg for a little Time to consider before I consent to my own Undoing. He told her, Consideration was a perfect Enemy to Love, bid her look round, and see the very spot of Ground they were then on, how many Invitations [by Privacy and Solitude] it gave them to their Joy, then bid

bid his Coach-man stop. I believe, Sir [replied he] we shall be forced to stop, for we are pursued by four Men well-arm'd. *Belinda* was glad to hear of any Interruption, though she expected to be doubly robb'd both of Honour and Coin. Sir *John* was never in such Haste to get rid of his Money, as at this Juncture, and much rather have parted with ten times the sum in his Pocket, than the promising Opportunity that flatter'd his Hopes; he therefore bid his Coachman once more stop [which he did] and had pulled out a Handful of Gold ready to bribe their Absence: But when the Coach stopp'd the supposed Pursuers did so too, which surpris'd every-body but the Maid, who knew the Reason of their Halt. Sir *John* then ordered the Coach to go on, which drew the Attendants after it, he made it stop again, and so did they; the Experiment was try'd severl times, and the same success attended it, till at last provoked with the Fear of losing so fair a Prospect of Bliss, he flung himself out of the Coach, dismounted one of his Attendants, and rid up to the Fellows.

Pray Gentlemen, [said he] have you any Business with me, or Design against me, that you dog my Coach all this Afternoon? By what Authority [said one of the Men] do you examine us? Have not we the same liberty to travel this Road that you have? Can you say we have either Assaulted, or Molested you, or your Company? And if we have not,

go back and be quiet; we are resolved to go our own Pace, and either ride, or stand still, as we see Occasion. Sir [said another of them] to be plain with you, we have a very considerable Charge under our Care, and keep up with your Coach, lest we should be Robb'd on't; be assured we will offer no Violence to any of you, provided you offer none yourselves, but we must have our Liberty, as well as you.

While Sir *John* was holding a Parly with the Men, *Belinda's* Maid let her Mistress into the whole Welcome secret, which raised her spirits to so much Courage, that when Sir *John* returned, she was quite another Thing; and so was he too, though different Reasons made the Alteration: she was pleased at the very Heart to think herself safe; he, mad at his, to see his Hopeful Project baffled, he stepped into the Coach all cloudy and fullen; muttered some Curses between his Teeth, and sate for some time as if asleep. I fear, Sir *John* [said *Belinda* after a long silence] those Men have Robbed you, else whence proceeds this sudden Chagrin? I thought the Gay Sir *John Galliard* could never have been out of Humour; say, Sir *John*, what can be the Cause? You are very merry, Madam, and have guessed right [replied the Knight] the Dogs have Robbed me of something very considerable, but I may yet recover it perhaps. No Matter [said the Lady in perfect Good-humour] though they have Robb'd you, I have escaped; and

and I warrant I shall find Money enough to last till To-morrow-Night, and then you shall be furnished with what sum you please. He hardly thanked her, or made any Answer, he was so thoroughly vexed at such an Unlucky Hit in so Convenient a Place for his Ill Design; but sat some time with his Eyes shut contriving new schemes. They were now off the Forest, when Sir *John* hoped the four Gentlemen would take another Road, not once suspecting the Truth of the Matter; but they still continued to follow the Coach, which still increased his Vexation: An Hour before Night he complained he was weary of sitting, and asked the Lady, if she would alight, and walk a quarter of a Mile? she desired to be excus'd, said, she was very easy, and never loved Walking in her life.

Then Madam [said the Knight] will you not think me Rude if I do? No, Sir *John* [return'd *Belinda*] you cannot be Rude, unless you repeat what is already past. He went out, and called his Valet to alight, and walk with him; to whom he gave Order, to Ride before, and take up the first Blind Ale-House he came at, and to bid the Coach-Man say, his Horses were tired, and would go no farther. In the mean Time, the Lady in the Coach had leisure to talk a little to her Maid. Oh! *Nanny* [said she] I fear there is some new Mischief hatching, Heaven, of its Mercy, blast it, and send me well out of the Paw of this Lion, and may the next devour me, if
ever

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ever I trust a strange One more. Fear not, Madam [returned the Maid] I have ordered the Men behind to keep within-sight and call; and when we come to the Inn, if you please to go to Bed, we will all sit up at your Chamber-door, and guard you all Night. But here is Sir *John* coming already; let us not look concerned. The Knight re-entered his Coach, and seemed a little better humour'd than when he went out, which added to *Belinda's* Fears. About a Mile farther they came to a sorry Hovel, at the Door of which stood the Valet, by way of signal to the Coach-man, who call'd [as ordered] to his Master, told him, his Horses were tired, and could go no farther that Night. Sir *John* pretended to be in a very great Concern, that they should be forced to take up with such Ordinary Accommodation as such a Pitiful Hole could afford them; but begged the Lady to bear for once with Inconveniences, since Disasters would happen sometimes. This put *Belinda* and her Maid a little to a stand, and they knew not well how to manage. They were both assured the Pretended Accident was all designed, and kept an Eye upon their Guard, with whom they saw Sir *John's* Valet deeply engaged in Talk; and to their great Dismay and Terror, saw two of them ride away. *Belinda* changed Colour, and Sir *John* conducted her into the House, such as it was. I hope, Sir *John* [said she] you do not pretend to take up here all Night; if
your

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your Horses are a little tired, which must be false, an Hour's Rest will surely make them able to go two Miles farther to an Inn, where both they and we may have Good Entertainment; but I see too plainly what your Design is: You are, 'tis true, a Baronet by Birth, but your Mother has been some Base, some Faulty Sinner, has violated a Chaste Marriage-Bed, and you are the Abominable Product of her Vice, the Spawn of some of her Footmen. Nothing but a Channel, nay, a Common-shore of Base Plebeian Blood, could put a Man upon such low Dishonourable Actions. Villain [she continued] for thou deservest no other Name; hast thou left a shole of Common Strumpets behind thee to persecute me with thy Detestable Love, as thou hast falsely called it. No, Monster, e're thou shalt accomplish thy Devilish Designs upon me, I will let out Life at Ten Thousand Port-Holes, and my last Breath shall end with a Laugh to see thy Baffled Disappointment-

Sir *John* was never so stung in his life before, as he was now at her bitter sharp Invectives; but that which touched him the nearest was her Just Remarks upon his Mother, from whence Ten Thousand Vexatious Thoughts crouded about his Heart; and [as he afterwards own'd] began to ask himself, Whether there was not more than a bare Probability of his being what she at Random called him; his supposed Father he knew was a

Man

Man of the strictest Honour and Virtue, from whence then [thought he] does it come, that I am so differently inclined; and am I then [continued he to himself] the Offspring of a Nasty Curry-Comb, or Horse-Whip, at last? Why, if I am, I cannot but think I have many Brethren in this Nation, that look as high as I do, and act exactly like me; yet methinks, I am not pleased to tell myself, I am the Son of a Scoundrel. His private Meditations over, he again accosted the Lady, Why, Madam [said he] are you so very tart? your Words touch'd me to the quick; and I now own to you, they have given a Turn to the Design I had upon you, yet methinks, you had no Cause to be so very apprehensive of Danger while you had a Guard so near you, it is true two of them are Disserters bought off for a little Money, the other Pair seem to be honest and resolute, but trust me *Belinda* you shall have no Cause from me to try their Valour, you may now with the gratest safety dismiss them, for all the Love I had for you is vanish'd, which as you well observed was false, and is now turn'd to Esteem and Respect, which shall for the future regulate all my Actions towards you. No Sir *John* [returned *Belinda*]. you have too much Cause to blame my Conduct already, for giving myself up to the Honour of a Stranger, but shall not have a new one to accuse me with by casheering my only safe-guard, but if you relent and are changed as you would persuade me you are, shew it by leaving this

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dismal

dismal Abode forthwith, and take the two Men into your own Retinue, for with me they shall go till I see the inside of my own Habitation. Sir *John* with much Readiness complied, and they all went on to the Inn.

Belinda's Heart was now restored to its former Quiet, and her Fear and Anger were both banish'd, for she saw the Looks of the Knight so much alter'd that she no longer doubted but his Designs were so too, and her pleasant good Humour began again to return, which Sir *John* perceiving, he suddainly threw himself at her Feet, and with a penitent Look told her he would never rise till she kindly gave him her Pardon for all the vile Behaviour he had been guilty of towards her, believe me this once he said, tho' my Words are invalid, I am ashamed of what I have done, and which is more, you are the first Woman that ever made me so. It would be a Complement to tell you, if I could persuade myself to a whole Life of Captivity I should offer you Marriage, which is, I own, what I am utterly averse to, and what I dare say you are very indifferent to, since a Woman so well qualified as you are must needs have Choice in every Place you come at. Sir *John* [answered the good natured Lady] do but forbear to repeat your Fault and you shall see I can now forgive it, as well as thank you for the Esteem you have for me, but when you talked of Marriage you had not asked my Consent, which I take to be pretty material, but no Matter,

we are now or at least seem to be upon very good Terms, so desire you will be pleased to order something for supper, since Dinners uneaten never lie on the stomach. F---h Madam [replied Sir *John*] you have starved my Appetite, and it would be but Justice to do as much by yours, yet to shew that good Nature, to which you once referr'd yourself, I will go myself and see what's to be had. Sir *John* was no sooner gone from *Belinda*, than poor *Nan*, who knew nothing of the Reconciliation and good Agreement that was betwixt them, came in to bid her Lady have a good Heart, for there was another Coach and Six just come to the Inn. *Belinda* was just going to tell her how Matters stood when Sir *John* return'd, and said, Madam you will surely dismiss your two Attendants now, because you have much better just come in quest of you, I believe I shall be forced to hire them for my Preservation now, for I saw Sir *Combs* trip out of his Coach as nimbly as a weather-cock at the Turn of the Wind, and with him Squire *Cock-a-hoop*, as he always desires to be call'd, who will refresh your spirits after a harraff Journey, and give you some Diversion. He is a Thing just got loose from an old ill-natured Governess, who was first his Nurse, then his Maid, next his School-Mistress, and at last his Governante. The Woman it must be own'd has been very just to him, and taught him as much as she knew herself, which was bad English, false Sense,

ill Nature and worse Manners. They know not we are in the House, but must e're long because both *Sir Combish* and his Servants know my Livery, and if *Belinda* to relieve her late Distress will consent to a little sport, I dare answer she may have it from the Comedians now ready to act their Parts, and I will bring both my Rival and his ridiculous Companion to kiss your Hand. She who had suffered more Fatigue and Disorder than she could well bear, was very ready to consent to any Thing that would refresh her spirits, and told him with some Pleasantry, since he had declared against Matrimony himself, it was Time for her to look out for one of more Compliance, and desired the new Commers might be admitted. *Sir John* ready to atone for his past Faults, ran to enquire for *Sir Combish*, who was just bullying the Cook, because she refused him a Brace of Partridges *Sir John* had already bespoke. ——— you Hussy [he said] you deserve to be basted with all the Dripping you save in a Year to teach you how to use People of Distinction, here you are going to send up a Brace of Birds to some Fools, who perhaps may take them for Crows and be angry if you reckon above three pence a piece for them, and we that know better Things must take up with a Neck of rotten Mutton stew'd till the Bones drop out, which was ready to drop before the silly Animal was kill'd. ——— when they are enough I shall make bold

bold with sword in hand to seize them, and show me the Man that dare dispute the Matter.

Well said my Bully [cry'd Sir *John*] claping him on the shoulder, come Knight, if you will be content with a Limb or so, you shall have it without fighting for't, but thou know'st I am a true born *English*-Cock and love to defend my own Property. Sir *Combisb* who knew the Voice turn'd about, but did not readily know how to behave whether as a Friend or a Rival, and putting on a solemn Air cry'd Z——s Knight where's my Mistress? And who the D—l desired so much of thy Civility as to tramp after her a matter of seventy Miles, sure you did not expect to be overtaken or you would have made more haste, I thought you had been at your Journeys end by this Time, and was posting after to see whose Title was best. The last Thing [returned Sir *John*] that a Man parts with is the good Opinion he has of himself, and while Sir *Combisb* keeps that, he cannot fear a Rival, your Mistress is in this House, and the Reason why I tramp after her [as you call it] was because you were gone after a more inferior Game, and as her Occasions called her back sooner than either you or she expected, I thought it a very good Way of confirming our Friendship, to shew that Respect to her which was due to you, believe me Sir *Combisb*, your Mistress is very safe and I have too great a Value for her Vertue to assault it; I wait your Commands to conduct you to her, and will with Pleasure give up my Care

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of the Lady to one who must needs be more concern'd for her safety. B-- g--- Knight [replied Sir *Combish*] thy Words are Apocryphal, and it is seven to four but I let thee keep thy Charge, for I never knew thee willing to part with a Woman till Matters were fairly adjust-ed betwixt you; now though I might perhaps share a Wench with a Friend, I must insist upon keeping a Wife to myself, because I should not care to mix my Breed. I am sorry Sir *Combish* [return'd young *Galliard*] to find your Opinion of the Lady runs so very low, but am yet more surpris'd to hear you confess a Flaw in your own Merit, which you certainly do if you say it wants Force to secure her to your self, come don't be a Fool and loose her by a groundless and false suspicion of her, by all that is vertuous she is so for me, and I believe for all Mankind. A Plague on't [return'd Sir *Combish*] I had much rather you had called her Whore, for then I should have thought her ill Usage of you had rais'd your spleen, but z---s so much Commendation is just as much as to say— now I have had her I'll bring her off as well as I can. However I will go to her and shall soon guess at her Innocence by her Looks, but where's my Friend *Cock-a-boop*, if the worst happens she will serve him at last, methinks I would not have her balk'd now she is set on a Husband. *Cock-a-boop* was called and they all went to *Belinda*, who saw them coming and met them at the Door, *Clownish* thrust in first, and taking her about the Neck gave her a smack-
ing

ing Kifs and said, she was a good handsom Woman, b-- G----e he would have another, which when he was going to take, *Belinda* cried hold Sir 'tis ill Manners to help yourself twice before the rest of the Company are served, beside I am here by Way of Desert which always comes after a full Meal and consequently should be used sparingly. Sir *Combish* who was ready to boil over with Jealousy answered thus for his rustick Friend, How sparing you have been of your Desert Madam, to some that shall be nameless, you best know; some perhaps are eloy'd and some again don't care for sweet-meats; so you may as well give my Friend *Clownish* another Taste before they mould on your Hands. *Belinda's* true Taste for good sense spoiled her Pallat for the relish of a Fool, and she told Sir *Combish*, whoever she surfieted with her Favours she would be sure to take Care of overcharging his Stomach, lest he should disembogue and they should all be lost; but why Sir *Combish* [continued she] do you think me so very lavish, I am neither old, ugly, poor, or a Fool, and a body may pick up a Coxcomb any where, who if he prove not grateful for what we give, will at least receive it though only to brag of among his fellow Puppies. Sir *Combish* told her with a fleering Insolence he thought Women's Favours too low to be boasted of, and when he offered her so great a one as Marriage he did not see how she could make too thankful a Return for it. This made Sir *John* and *Belinda* laugh, and
Cock-a-boop

Cock-a-boop thought it a very good Time now they were quarreling to set up for himself, Come, young Women [said he] b-- G----e I like you well and am resolved I'll have you, so never trouble yourself about Sir *Combish* any more, for though I am at present but an Esquire I intend to be knighted soon, and then I can make you a Lady as well as he, so let us strike up the Bargain with a Kiss, which he was just going to take when *Belinda* not in a very good Humour returned his Love with a sound box on the Ear, which for ought I know the civil Esquire would have sent back with Interest had not supper interposed: They had not half finished their Meal when they heard a bussle at the Door and a Woman's Voice say, I will come in you Dog, I will see the Rogue your Master. Sir *Combish* heard and turn'd Pale, at which Time the Virago entered and flying at him, arm'd like a Cat clap'd her fierce Talons into each of his Cheeks, crying aloud, *Betty Dimple* revenge thyself and tear the Villains Soul out, Sir *John* got up and rescued the half worried Knight, though not without some Danger to himself. Poor Sir *Combish* was no sooner relieved than he ran down stairs like fury, ordered his Coach to be got ready that Minute and drove away as fast as Fear and six good Horses could carry him, which in all Probability he had not done so quietly, but that, Madam, *Betty* half choak'd with Gall, was fallen senseless into a Chair, and gave him Time to make an easy Exit. *Belinda* and her

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Company were very merry at the Tragy-Come-
dy, and let her sit to recover at her own Lei-
sure, knowing her Distemper was nothing but
Passion, which would soon work itself off.
By that Time supper was over and the Cloath
taken away the furious *Betty* came to her senses
again, and looking wildly round her, cryed
where is the Monster, the Hell-hound that
has robb'd me, plundered me and left me to
Misery, Dispair, and Ruin. O cruel Man,
she said to Sir *John Galliard*, why have you
put a stop to my Design and hindred me from
glutting myself with such Revenge as suits the
Wrongs poor *Betty Dimple* has received, O
where is he, shew him to me, O I rave, I die
for my Revenge. You rave indeed, answered
Belinda, I would fain have you cool your Boil-
ing Resentment and let us know the Cause on't,
since your Revenge is so publick your Injury
may be so too. Cool it Madam, answered the
Woman, it is not possible for me to cool my
Rage, since every Breath I draw heats and in-
flames it more, no, nothing will ever quench
my burning Wrath, but the Blood of him who
first set it in Flames, but Madam as you are
one of my own sex perhaps you may have a
little Pity for me, and therefore you shall hear
my Tale: As for my Father and Mother it is
not at all to the purpose to tell you who they
were, or what they were, since they both died
while I was yet an Infant, and left me to the
Care of a Grand-father, whose Daughter
brought me forth. While I was young, I had
I'll

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I'll warrant you forty flurting Lovers, with their fine Speeches and filthy Designs, who were ready enough to offer Services they had little Reason to believe would be accepted of, but what signifies that, I kept my Ground as firm as a Rock, and stood stoutly to defend myself from them all, at last one of the trouble Houses that was always after me, told me if I would not comply he would take young *Bate-man's* Course and hang himself at his own signpost. So you may, said I, if you have a Mind, and least your Rope should prove too short, I'll lend you my Garters to lengthen it. Well Mrs. [said he] you'll meet with your Match I warrant you. So he walk'd off, and I never saw him again, or so much as heard he kept his Word and hang'd himself. The next was a lumping Looby that weighed about eighteen stone, and he poor Man was for drowning, but I persuaded him to stay till I got him a couple of Bladders to tie under his Arms for fear he should sink, and all the Thanks he gave me, was to call me a jeering Bitch, and went home as dry as if he had never been drowned at all. The next was a Barber, and a cunning Shaver was he, for I as surely thought one Night he had cut his Throat as I was sorry afterwards I was mistaken, but the Rogue deceived me as all the rest had done. The next was an Apothecary's Apprentice, who had threatned so often to poison himself that I did not know but some Time or other he might do as much for me, so broke of my Acquaintance with him as soon as I could

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I could before I began to swell, and yet a Year after I saw the Whelp with as wholesome a Look as if his Master had not a scruple of Mercury in his Shop; well I'll swear 'tis a melancholy Thing to tell ourselves there is no trusting in Man for any Thing but our own undoing. When I had lived a Year or two longer and had got more Wit, a new sweet-heart presented himself to me, he was a Neighbour's Child and one with whom I used to romp when I was a little Girl, but he was grown so fine with his laced Hat and shoulder-knot that I had much ado to know him, humph *Will* [said I] you are very fine, I'll warrant your Father is dead, and you have given all he left you for those fine Clothes: And what are you married? Married [said he] no, no, if I were married I should have no Business here, for I am come to offer my service to you, as my Master says to the Ladies. My Father indeed is dead, and has left me his Farm with a good stock upon it, and I intend to leave my Master and go and live upon it if you will have me, and help to manage it, I have lived these two Years with one Sir *Combish Clutter*, who has lately had a honey Fall of a thousand a Year dropt into his Mouth, some of your great Wits call him Coxcomb, but whatever he is, I have had a main good Place on't, and would not leave it but for thy sake, dear *Betty*, so take a short considering Time and let me have an Answer to morrow. Nay, nay, *Will* [said I] you may as well take it now, what you and I are no Strangers

gers to one another, we have no Acquaintance to scrape at this Time of day, and the less we spend in Courtship the better, but my Grandfather must be told or else he will give me nothing, and then, for all your fine Speeches you won't care a Louse for me. In short my Grandfather liked the Match, and promised to make my Portion equal with his, so *William* gave his Master Warning and told him he was going to be married. A Pox on thee for a Fool, said his Master, is not the D—l in thee to leave a Place of Plenty for a starving Hole of thy own, with half a score naked Bastards about thy Heels, which in all Probability will either go to *Tyburn* or a Brothel-house. No Sir [said *Will*] I hope not, I was not the Son of a rich Man myself and yet I have escaped the Gallows, beside if there were no poor Men in the World who must wait upon such as you Sir? My Wife and I betwixt us shall be better worth than two hundred Pounds, and that with a little Industry and good Management will keep our Children from Nakedness. Why then [return'd Sir *Combisb*] you are very rich I find, though your Father was not, and pray where does this Wife elect of yours live? Why Sir [answered *William*] your being a Stranger in this Country where your new Estate is, makes you so to all the pritty Girls here about, she lives not far off and a tid Bit she is, if your Worship will give me leave I will invite her to sup with us in the Hall, she'll be no disgrace to the best among us Servants: At Night I was brought

brought to the House, and the House-Keeper conducted me in with as much Ceremony as I deserved; but that D---l, Sir *Combish*, was at a Dining-Room-Window, from whence he saw me, and thought me worth a Night's Lodging, which he designed to honour me with. A Day or two after, he asked *Will*, when he was to be Married. He said, As soon as we were Three times Asked in Church, which would be Next Sunday. Well then [said the Knight] your Wife may depend upon me for a Father to herself, and a Godfather to her first Child: And for thy Part, since thou hast proved a Good Honest Rascal, I will not only wish thee Joy, but I will give thee some, by adding a Good Close to thy Farm, which will make thee a Free-holder, and qualify thee for a Vote against I want one. But before you leave me you are to do me a private Piece of service, which none but you are to be trusted with. You must know, as much a Stranger as I am on this side the Country, I have an Intrigue with a Girl not far off, that is, I would have one, but the Jade is cautious; and though I do her an Honour, she refuses it, unless I Marry her. Now to gain my Ends, I have promised to Marry her, but d--- me if I keep my Word, though I intend to confirm it with a Letter to her, which you shall copy, for you write a Good, Careless, Gentleman-like Hand; and I believe you spell like the D---l, as well as myself: But she is no Judge, nor does she know my Hand at all;

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so yours shall go for mine; that if ever I am called to an Account for it, I may with safety deny it, and justly say, I did not write it: Call upon me half an Hour hence, and I will give you what I would have you transcribe. *Will* thought to himself, if the Girl did not know his Master's Hand, he was sure she did not know his; and for the Spelling-Part, it was perfectly indifferent to him whether it was right or wrong. The Time was come when he was to wait his Master's Commands, he then gave him the following Lines to copy, which are too well impress'd on my Memory to lose one Tittle of them.

I Thought, my Dear, to have seen You this Evening, but am prevented by Company coming in; however, I cannot sleep till I communicate a Secret to You: Though I fear it will be late before I come, let all be quiet, and no Light; for we have had the D——l to do here. But no more of that till we meet.

Yours.

When *William* had writ this over, his Master took it from him, saying, Now have I a Mind for a Frolick, and will go and deliver this Letter myself; but if I do, it shall be in your Cloaths, *Will*: so slip on your Frock, and give me your Livery. Poor *William* obeyed without Delay, and was then sent on some sleeveless Errand, which was to take up some

some Time, while another Servant was sent with the Letter to me; which I made no Doubt came from *William*, because I knew his Hand, though there was no Name. I was very impatient to know what the Matter was, and never-wished more for my *William's* Company than at that time. My Grandfather and all the Family were gone to Bed, except myself, who sate, as ordered, in the dark, till I heard some Footsteps in the Yard, I then ran and opened the Door, where by Starlight I saw *Will*, as I thought, in his Livery; he came in, and whispered very low, asked, if all were a-bed? I told him, Yes. He then told me I was False to him, and had Reason to believe I was going to be Married to another. Who, I, *William*? [said I] What do you mean by such a groundless suspicion? I love you too well, to think of any Man in the World but yourself, and am so just to you, that if your Master would have me, I would not change you for him. Say no more [replied the Counterfeit *William*] for nothing shall ever convince me you are true, unless you give yourself up wholly to my Arms this Night. I loved my *William*, and made no scruple to cure his Doubts, though at the Expence of a M——d, which I had always kept for him: so we crept up-stairs, and to-Bed we went in the dark; but while we were there *Will* returned from the Walk he had been sent, and found all the Servants very merry, but no Master to deliver his Mes-

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sage to, nor could any Account be had of him. He staid a-while at home, and thought to himself, Sir *Combish* was gone, no Doubt, to the poor deluded Girl with the Letter he had writ for him; And now [thought he] I will go for an Hour or two to my *Betty*, who is doubtless in Bed, but I know she will rise, and let me in. I was so eager to clear myself of the Falshood and Stuff he laid to my Charge, that I went up to Bed without fastening the House-Door; so that it being only on the Latch, *William* came easily in, and directly up to my Room; but fearing he should fright me, he spoke just at the Door, and said, Do not be frightened, *Betty*, it is only I. Only you [cried I trembling] Who are you? What [answered he] do you not know the Voice of your *William*? If you are *William*, [said I] Who have I got here? Go fetch a Candle, for I am undone for ever. He ran down to light a Candle, while I jumped out of Bed, and got my Clothes on; *William* no sooner advanced to the Bed-side with a lighted Candle, than Sir *Combish* threw his Night-Cap at it, and put it out again: But *Will* was so enraged to have his Place supplied by another, that he ran to the Bed, and so jumbled his Master, that after he had battered his Face not fit to be seen a Month after, he cried out *Murder!* which roused my Grandfather, and all the House beside, who came with Candles in their Hands to my Room, and discovered the whole Matter. Sir

Combish

Combish lay still, but cried, G— d—— thee *Will*; thou hast given me a Beating that no Dog in *England* would have given to a Porter; Curse thee, go home and fetch my Clothes; take thy own; and let me see thy Dog's Phiz no more. But poor I had more than a double share of a Plot I never help'd to contrive; for when *William* came back with his Master's Clothes he refused to hear me justify my self, took a final Leave of me just then, and I never saw him since. My Grandfather, as soon as the Knight was gone, refused to hear me, likewise turned me out of Doors the next Morning, and I never saw him since neither. Every-body believed I was designedly a Whore; and I have lived ever since in the utmost Contempt on what my Needle and Wheel could bring me in. I have an Aunt in this Town, to whom by an Invitation I came three Days ago, and was sitting at her Door, when I saw that Infernal Sir *Combish* driven in, whose Villanous Soul I would have separated from his Cursed Corps, had not this Gentleman most Cruelly prevented me; but I hope, it is not yet too late, he is doubtless in the House still; and it shall go very hard but I will have the other Tugg with his D——lship. Sir *John Galliard* at this Recital had two or three inward Qualms, and he often thought of poor Miss *Friendly*, whose Wrongs only he felt Conpunction for. But *Belinda* was a little upon the smile, and said, You know not, Mrs. *Betty*.

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how well you have Revenged yourself already; for I assure you, Sir *Combish*, by your Appearance, is driven from a Mistress he followed from *London*, to which Place I dare say he is by this time returning; for my Maid whispered me in the Ear just now, and told me, his Coach and he were gone off: But let him go, he is a worthless Animal, and has used you basely, yet I believe it will soon be in my Power to do you some service. How long is it since *William* and you parted? And what sort of Man is he? she then described him, and said, It was above a Year since she heard of him. Have you a Mind [asked *Belinda*] to be Reconciled to him? If so, provide to go with me, for I fancy your *William* lives with a Sister of mine: And I am the more ready to believe it is he, because Sir *Combish* came with his Addressee to me soon after the time you speak of, and the Fellow pretended to be sick all the while he staid, and would never appear: Now as I am almost sure this is the Man, I am as well satisfied it will be in my Power to make up the Breach betwixt you, if you do but once meet. Mrs. *Betty* said, she was willing to wait upon her any-where, but could never hope to see *William* again with any satisfaction. Next Morning they again took Coach, Sir *John* and Squire *Clownish* who had slept all the while *Betty Dimple* told her Story to *Belinda* and her Maid: As for Mrs. *Dimple*, she came jogging after on a Trotting

Trotting Horse, who first dislocated her Joints, and then set them right again. After they had been some time in the Coach, Mr *Cock-a-boop* asked *Belinda*, when she designed to beg his Pardon for the Box on the Ear she gave him; and assured her, that if Sir *Combish* had not been frightened out of the House, and forgot to take him with him, he should hardly have been so civil, after such an Affront, to wait upon her home. *Belinda* told him, whenever he thought fit to ask her Pardon for the Occasion of the Box, she might perhaps condescend to an Answer of the same Kind; but as for his Company, she found no great Reason to thank him for it, because it was a Piece of Civility forced upon him, and yet she was glad of it, because Sir *John Galliard* must have gone back alone had not Fortune left him behind. Sir *John* sate all the Morning with his Head, as it were, in a Cloud, gloomy and silent; his Thoughts employed on different subjects, which entertained him with no pleasing Variety: sometimes he was vexed he had miss'd his Design on *Belinda*; sometimes ashamed he had ever attack'd her Honour; one Minute he called himself a Thousand Fools, for jaunting after a Woman that would not be his Harlot at last; the next he persuaded himself to Marry her: But that raised a Mutiny in his Breast, crying out *Liberty! Liberty!* In short, he liked *Belinda* so well, that he was forced to stand at Bay with his own Inclinations, keeping them always snub'd,

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snub'd, to divert them from what he had always declared against. *Belinda* again took Notice of Sir *John's* silence, and said, Have Courage, Sir, your *Purgatory* is almost at an End, and a few Hours will give you to yourself again. Madam [answered the Complaisant Sir *John*] it is my Heaven that is near at an End, and my *Purgatory* will not begin till I leave *Belinda*; who, if she knew all, has more to boast than any of her Sex ever had before her; for she has brought it to a single Vote, whether I shall Marry, or no. Nay, Sir *John* [returned *Belinda* laughing] a single Vote can never do in a Matrimonial Affair; there must be a joint Consent, or we shall make a sad Botch of what would otherwise be very clever: But I beg you will lay by all your Gravity, and consider, Travellers should be always merry, else methinks, we look as if we were counting how many steps our Horses take in an Hour. By G——e [said *Cock-a-boop*] and so we do: Bobs, I love to be merry. Come Mrs. *Bell*, I will sing you a SONG I made myself; and a good one it is, though I say it.

MY Whoney SUE, give me thy Haun,
I Love Thee, as I'm an Honest Man;
My Hoggs, my Cows; my Plow, my Cart,
To Thee I value not a V—t:
And yet, Odzooks, Thou art so Coy,
Whene're I Court, Thou sayest me Noy.

Then

Then SUE Answers.

FOrbear Your Foolish Suit, Good JOHN,
For I must have a Gentleman,
Can Compliment, and go more Gay
Than Thou upon a Holiday;
Can Kifs, and A-la-mode can Wooe,
While all Your Courtship's High-Gee-Ho.

Then He again.

Aye, marry Gep, are You so stout?
In my Heart I love for to Jeer and Flout.
Ads Watrilais, were I in Bed,
And Wrestling for —————

Oh! for Heaven's sake [cried *Belinda*] no more of your Poetry, Good Esquire *Clownish*; beside, we are just at our Inn,. A P—— o' the Inn [said he] the best is to come; and I am resolved to sing it out. ——— Ads Watri-lais, you had best have a Care, *Cock-a-boop* [interrupted Sir *John*] the Lady's Fingers are as nimble as ever, and if your SONG does not please her Ear, 'tis fix to four but she finds the Way to yours again. By G-----e [replied *Clownish*] but if she does, she sha'nt come off so well as she did last time; and I am resolved I'll sing my SONG too. They were now all in the Room together where they

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they were to Dine, when *Betty Dimple* standing at the Window saw a Coach coming, and her old Lover *William* Riding before. Madam [said she to *Belinda*] I believe your Sister is come to meet you, for here is my Runagate, full well I know him. The Coach drove into the Inn, and *Belinda* and Sir *John* ran out to see the Lady alight. But Oh! the Ungrateful Interview, when the Lady in the Coach knew Sir *John Galliard* for the Father of her Child then with her, and he the Lady for the same he had had once at the *Bagnio*. The Confusion that appeared in both their Faces was too great to be disregarded by *Belinda*, who looked alternately at them, and whose share of Amazement was equal to their Surprise. Sir *John* saw it, and did all he could to recover himself, so took the Child in his Arms, and carried her into the House. The Mother cried out, Oh! my Child, my Child! fearing Sir *John* would have taken her away from her. Pray Sister [said *Belinda*] let us go in; methinks, I long to know the Cause of your Disorder. The Lady got out of the Coach, but desired her Child, and a Room to herself: And while she was going in, a Thousand Fears filled her Breast; sometimes she thought Sir *John* had not Honour enough to conceal the Intrigue that had been betwixt them; sometimes again she thought *Belinda* and he was married; then the Fear of losing her Child hurried her to Despair, till she got into the House, and then she begged *Belinda* to bring

bring her little Girl to her, for she could not rest till she saw her again, because she had been so lately ill. Why, Madam [answered *Belinda*] are you so strangely ruffled, you give me at once Pain and Amazement, have you ever seen Sir *John Galliard* before? The Widow was a little Nonpluss'd at that Question, but resolved to deny the Acquaintance; and therefore asked her, who was that? *Belinda* said, It was the Gentleman that took Miss out of the Coach, in whose Hands she was sure the Child was very safe: However, she would go that Minute, and bring her from him. She immediately returned with her, which removed one of the Lady's Fears; but there was yet two more, which hung heavy on her Mind: Nor durst she ask *Belinda*, whether she was Married, or no, lest her Answer should strike her dead: But as she knew it must come out, she trembling said, *Belinda*, Are you Married? Married! [replied *Belinda*] what, in a Week's Time? No, Sister; if your Concern proceeds from your Apprehension of losing me, calm your Brow, for the Gentleman you saw with me is too much a Beau to be noosed, as they call it: And I would feign have you joyn the Company, or you will lose a very pleasant Scene betwixt your *William* and a Mistress of his, which I accidentally pick'd up; the Story is too long for a present Repetition, and will serve to fill up a dull vacant Hour another Time. While they were discoursing in one Room, Sir *John*
was

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was considering in another, and told himself with much Ease the Reason why the Widow would not come to them : He therefore called for a Pen and Ink, and writ as follows :

I *T was an Accident, Madam, that brought us first together, and We are now met by another. I plainly saw Your Concern, and shewed too much of my Own to be disregarded by the Piercing Eyes of Your Sister. If You would prevent her farther Observation, look easily, and view me with the same Indifference You would have done had You never seen me before : And since nothing but a Return of that Indifference can secure us from being discover'd, You shall find my Behaviour [as directed by Prudence] answerable.*

Yours.

When Sir John had writ his Letter he gave it to a Servant, bid him enquire where *Belinda* was, and tell her, he begg'd the Favour of her Company for a Moment, and as soon as she left the Room, to convey the Letter into the Hand of the new-arrived Lady. *Belinda* answered the Knight's Summons, and the Servant delivered the Letter, as ordered. The Lady read it, and approved so well of the Advice there given, that she resolved to act accordingly. *Belinda* returned to her Sister, told her, Dinner was just ready, and desired once more to know whether she would go to the rest of the Company, or they two should Dine there

there alone. The Lady told her, since Sir *John* was so very Obliging to give her his Company so far, it would be highly Rude to Rob him of hers; and for that Reason she would go with her. They went, and Sir *John* received the strange Lady with much Civility, but guarded Looks; she used the same Caution, and managed hers so well, that all Observations were now at an End. They were all sat down to Dinner, and the Servants called in to wait; among whom was *William* so lately spoken of: He stood some time at his Lady's Back before he minded his Landabrides at the Table with them, who cast many a wishful Eye at him unregarded: At last Sir *John* drank to her, which drew his Eyes that Way; and no sooner saw her than he colour'd with Resentment, and was going to leave the Room, when *Belinda* said, Stay, *William*, I have somewhat to say to you as soon as Dinner is over. He staid, but with the utmost Uneasiness, not being able to bear the sight of his Unfaithful *Betty*, as he thought her: But when they had done, and the rest of the Servants dismiss'd, *Belinda* asked *Will*, if he knew the Young Woman that sat there? He answered, Yes; he had too many Reasons to know her for an Ungrateful Base Baggage as she was. Harky, Mr. Rogue [said *Betty*] don't you pretend to Abuse me before all this Good Company; for, if you do, I shall make the House too hot to hold you, as I did for the Rascal your Master not long ago. Were

P

not

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not you one of the Basest Dogs alive to send me a Letter writ with your own Hand, and then let your D——d Knight come in your Clothes for an Answer to it; and when you had done, came in with an Innocent Air to find me out in the very Roguery you yourself had contrived: And now, Forsooth, you pretend to put on a Look of Ignorance, as if you knew nothing of the Matter; that so your Load of Villany might be heaped up at my Door, like a Base, Treacherous Whelp as you are. I cod [said *Cock-a-boop*] you have got a D——d Tongue in your Head, which, if I were your Husband, by G——e I should wish at the D——l. Why, what a P— you scold as if you got your Living by it. And hear me, Young Man, if you know when you are well, by G——e I think you have a good Riddance of her. Oh! no, Sir [said poor *William*] she has Reason for all her Anger; which I never knew before: My Eyes are now open, and I plainly see both her Wrongs and my own. Oh! my *Betty*! we have both been Abus'd, and let us pity one another. No [returned *Betty*] I will neither pity you, nor myself, till I have taken the Law of that Base Transgressor of it: Why must a Poor Man be hanged for stealing a Sheep, and a Rich One escape, that takes away by Force or Trick what is much more valuable from us: I am resolved to make both himself and the World know what a Rogue he is; and I'll see him hang'd before he shall wear the Best

Jewel

Jewel I ever had, and not pay a Good Price for it. Here she fell a-crying, and it wanted not much that *William* kept her Company, till Sir *John* and *Belinda* laughed them out of Countenance: And the latter told them, she saw no Cause for Tears, since they were in so fine a Way of recovering one another's Favour, which in a little time they did. Our Travellers now began to think of finishing their Journey, which a few Hours compleated: But how were they all surpris'd to find Sir *Combish* got there before them; who resolving not to lose *Belinda*, crossed the Country a little Way, and got again into the Road, designing to be at her Sister's as soon as she; and there to be free from the Fury that paid him so well at the Inn for his past Recreation. But what was his Terror and Confusion, when he saw enter with the rest, not only the Cheated *Betty*, but the Wronged *William* too. ——— Z ———s [he cried] I am haunted; prithee Widow, dear Widow, send for thy Parson to lay these two Infernal Spirits, and chain them down for Life in the Bonds of Matrimony; or ——— I shall never be quiet for 'em. Come *Will*, consume thee, I'll give thee a Farm of Ten Pounds a Year for thy Drab's M——d, and I think it is very well sold; but I will have it inserted in the Contract, that she shall never come within ten Yards of my Person: And the D—— I take me, if ever I come within twenty of hers, if Riding forty Miles round

it will prevent it. Why, by G—e you are in the right on't [replied the 'Squire] Zooks Man [continued he, turning to *William*] it will be a Folly to wish you Joy; for if thou hast a Soul in thee she will tear it out in a Week's time. By *George* our Champion, I would not Marry her, if *GEORGE* our King would give me his Crown for her Portion.

Well, well, Sir [replied *Betty*] you may give your self as many scornful Airs as you please; but by G——e I had rather have *William* with his own Farm, and that Sir *Combisb* has promised, than you with your Great Estate; every one to their Origin: I was never cut out for a Gentleman, nor you for a Milk-Maid; so what say you *William*, shall we take Sir *Combisb* at his Word? *William* scratched his Head a little, and then consented; so Married they were, and there I leave them, because after Marriage [like Cheese] comes nothing.

Yes [says a Fleerer at my Elbow] Children, Noise, Charge, Discord, Cuckoldom [may be] and often Beggary comes after. But this spiteful Remarker had the Misfortune to miscarry himself; and who would mind a Prejudiced Person? When the Wedding was over, and the Couple gone, Sir *Combisb* began to renew his Addresses to *Belinda*, who received them with a very cool Indifference: For as she never had any Real Value for the Knight, it was not very likely his late Behaviour should make any Addition: and being

ing pretty well tired of his conceited Imper-
tinnence, she resolved to give him a final An-
swer, in Order to a speedy Deliverance, which
the very ensuing Afternoon favoured; for it
happened to prove a very pleasant one, and
drew them all into the Gardens. Sir *Combish*
resolving to take hold of the Happy Oppor-
tunity, conducted *Belinda* to a little shady
Grove, which he thought a Scene fit for
Love; and resolving to improve it while he
was separate from the rest of the Company,
he first filled the Lady's Ears with his own
Profound Merits, and then told her how wil-
ling he was to bestow them all on her:
Sir *Combish* [returned the Grateful *Belinda*]
I shall always acknowledge the Favour you
have done me, in acquainting me with your
Best Qualities; our Worst, I must own, we
neither love to speak, or hear of: But as I
am a Person who must always be wholly dis-
interested both in your Worth and Demerits;
All I have to do is to thank you for the
Honour you have offered me; and to tell
you without Reserve, I cannot accept of it.
Now may I be speechless [returned Sir *Com-
bish*] if I know whether I hear well or no:
Did you say, Madam, you could not accept
my Offer? ——— I cannot credit my
Ears. I never eat my Words, Sir [answered
Belinda] but beg you will keep your Tem-
per, since nothing spoils the Oeconomy of a
well-set Countenance like Resentment and An-
ger: You know, Sir *Combish*, our Passions are
P 3. not

not at our Command; and if we hate when we should love, it is owing to a Depravity in our Fancies, which we may strive against, but can seldom master: This is just my Case, I have tried to subdue my Inclinations, but a superior Force keeps them under; and where our Power is defective submission is our only Choice. Why sure [return'd the Vain Sir *Combish*] my Ears or Understanding must be defective too. Did you really say, you could not accept of my Offers which is Honourable Love; and what at first I did not design, and perhaps more than some People deserve: But since your stomach is so squeamish, you may e'en try to strengthen it three or four Years longer, and then coarser Fare will go down.

Nay Sir *Combish* [replied *Belinda*] my stomach was never sharp set towards nice Bits, nor did it ever relish Palates or Coxcombs; my Taste lies towards cheaper Food, which I think wholsomer too. Sir *Combish* with an Air of Contempt wish'd her a good Digestion, and told her, she that lik'd a Piece of Neck-Beef better than a Pheasant, might perhaps prefer a Foot-man before his Master. Why truly, Sir *Combish* [answer'd *Belinda*] if we did but make some Allowance for the Paultry Name on one side, and the Good Estate on the other, the Man is very often preferable to his Master. But here comes your Friend the Esquire with a Hare in his Hand, I see he has been a Courting.

Come

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Come [said he] and tell me how you like my Game, b-- G----e 'tis better hunting Hares than Whores, for here have I in half an Hour got one, and was half a Year in pursuit of the other Bitch and lost her at last, so we will have this Puss for our supper, and let the D---l take the other for his. The D---l [replied Sir *Combish*] owes thee not much for thy Deed of Gift, since thou hast offered nothing but what was his own before, a Pox on thee for a Fool, the whole sex was design'd for him at the Creation. Mercy on us! [cried *Belinda*] Why Sir *Combish*, what do you mean? You make Love till you grow perfectly rude, I beg you will be advised, and when you leave a Lady secure her good Word by a civil Exit, and then perhaps, though she despises you herself, she may have some worthless Acquaintance to recommend you too.

B-- G----e [answered our Friend *Clownish*] you may talk of Civility as much as you please young Woman, but I think you practise it as little as he does, come, come, your Tongue and your Fingers are flipant alike, what a P--- who is bound to take your Blows and your Fromps? B-- G----e if Sir *Combish* would stand by me, I would return both his Abuses and my own with Cent per Cent b-- G----e. *Belinda* laugh'd at the Fools and left them singing a Piece of an old song— *Why how now Sir Clown what makes you so bold.* But while they like the Cats were growling out Love to one another, Sir *John* and the Widow Lady were doing

doing it with more good Manners at another Part of the Garden, he told her he was so out of Countenance at the Reflection of his own Behaviour to her when she was last at *London*, that he wanted Courage to ask her Pardon, but begg'd she would forget it, if only for the sake of his dear little Girl, for whom he declared an Affection and Tenderness equal to what Nature gives us for our own. If you Sir *John* [returned the Lady] are discountenanced at your Behaviour, what Confusion and Remorse must attend mine? I do assure you without flying to any other Interest than that of my own Quiet, I have long since endeavoured to forget my Fault and had most happily banish'd the Remembrance of you, and my own Weakness from my Breast, when all was again recall'd at the sight of you so near the side of my Coach, I must own I had much to fear from the inward tremulous Perturbations of my fluttering Heart that a Discovery would ensue, but I had a Sister to deal with innocent herself and loving me too well to think me guilty, and yet she had much ado to account for my Conduct at such a perplexing Juncture, but thanks to Fate it is now most happily over, and if Sir *John Galliard* will but promise two Things I shall know no more Distress. Name them Madam [replied Sir *John*] and may I never know Ease myself if I refuse [as far as my Power goes] to contribute towards yours, bar Matrimony and command me in every Thing. As for that Clause [answered the Lady] 'tis perfectly needless,

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less, and I promise never to put your good Nature to that Trial again, all I beg is, that you will keep my secret and be my Friend; as for a double state of Life, I am now as much averse to it as you are, and it is because I believe you will never clog yourself with a Wife, that I do not add a third Request to the former which would be, never to address *Belinda*, because abominable Incest shocks my Soul and gives my Blood an Ague. Sir *John* told the Lady he own'd himself a Man of Pleasure but was not quite so bad as she unkindly thought him, *Belinda* he acknowledged was a fine Woman, but Madam [continued he] she is your Sister and Rival only to your Merit, I have already declared my sentiments of Wedlock, and for any other Attempts I here faithfully promise to dismiss them. No Madam, I am now resolved to grant what you have asked, and will for the future love you both, with the same inoffensive Love as if you were my sisters, and when I lay you open to the Censure of the World may I loose both Memory and Reason to prevent a Repetition of my Fault. This Promise was just made when *Belinda* came in some haste to desire their Protection, saying she was never in so fair a Way for a good Beating in her Life before, pray Sir *John* [continued she] will you tell me [for you are his old Acquaintance] how many Degrees is Friend *Cockaboop* removed from a Brute? Nay Madam answered Sir *John* if it was he that was going to beat you, I think you should ask how many

many Degrees a Brute is removed from him, since the very fiercest among them never fight their Females.

I confess he has put me a little out of Countenance at being one of his Acquaintance, and would resent his rude Behaviour, but that he is in strictness the Guest of *Sir Combish*, not mine, beside I am sure *Belinda* would rather laugh at his ill Manners than see it chastised, especially in this Place. I will tell you Ladies [if you'll give me leave] how he once served me: When I was first acquainted with him, I happened to have a slight Intrigue with a Lady whom I obliged more out of good Nature than Inclination, because she had the Misfortune of being a little stricken in Years. She had one Day invited herself to dine with me at my Lodgings, and as she was a Lady of some Quality I resolved to be very civil to her, when that rude Monster came abruptly into the Dining-room, and looking at her, cried, Why, what a P— Knight art thou reduced already to the Assistance of a Baud, ——— Man what dost thou do with this Piece of Fripery, in her Curls and her Patches, and her old Coquetish Airs, simpering and leering like a Girl just come from her sweet-heart, peeping into her Bosom to see whether her withered Bubbles heave or no, ——— a young Coquet is that a D——l, but an old one is his Dam, by *George*. You may easily guess Ladies how this blundering speech mortified the Lady, who past for a Maiden too, and what Confusion it put me into for an

Excuse

Excuse : she coloured so much with the Extremity of Resentment that it appeared through the Vernish of her Face, though none of the thinnest lay'd on, I was forced to shake my Head and cry, poor Mr. *Cockaboop*, I wonder how he has got loose from his Confinement, Madam [continued I, a little out of his hearing] this unhappy Gentleman has for some Weeks been disordered in his Head, and I beg you will take no Notice of what he says. O pray then [said she] let me be gone, and convey me safe into the street, for I neither love to be abused nor converse with mad Men, ——— Sir *John* you keep strange Company, I wonder where you pick them up. My rude Companion catch'd her last Words, and answered, the Devil should pick her Skeliton before he would pick up such an old Yew as she was, who for ought he knew was the first that rotted after the Flood. The poor Lady made the best of her Way down stairs, and swore she should never come near me again unless I banish'd my Mad-man: I do confess though *Cockaboop's* Behaviour vex'd me and I let him know it did, yet at the same Time it brought me a Deliverance from one I did not just much delight in, for which Reason I forgave his ill Manners, and if *Belinda* will but consider, it is impossible to make a Brute a Man, I am sure she will do so too, to-morrow I design to set my Face towards *London*, and in order to your speedy Deliverance will offer him Maid's Place in my Coach, tho' I fancy he will hardly leave you till Sir *Combiso* does, when that

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that will be you, Madam, can best guess. If said the Lady one may guess at his stay by his Treatment, I am of Opinion he will not continue long after you, and indeed it would be a little hard if he should, since no body cares for the winnow'd Chaff when the substantial Grain is separated from it, but do not grow vain Sir *John* [continued *Belinda* with a Blush] I only hint at your superior share of good sense, I see no room for being proud of your Compliment Madam [answered the Knight] since you only allow me a little more Wit than a couple of Fools. Nay Sir *John* [replied the Widow Lady] I think you are too severe, they are neither of them Fools, but the Vanity of one and the ill Nature of the other gives a Turn of Contempt to their Words and Actions, which helps to rob them of the finest Quality ever given to Man, and I wish Sir *John Galliard* may always preserve his Talent from every Mixture that may rob it of its Lustre. Sir *John* received the Lady's kind Wishes with a Bow, though he knew they were attended with some secret Reproach, and said he was too conscious of his own Demerits to think he could deserve them, but now Madam, said he, addressing *Belinda*, [thought what followed was designed for both] we are now within a very little Time of parting [possibly] for ever, I therefore beg an Act of Oblivion may pass betwixt us, and let us forget every disobliging Thing that has been said on either side, try to mend your Opinion of me, and I will endeavour

your

your to deserve it. Here the Widow Lady left them to pluck a ripe Orange she saw, when Sir *John* went on thus: The World you know Madam is divided into four Parts, so are the Inhabiters of it distinguish'd by four Characters: Coxcomb, Fool, Knave, and Man of sense; now as we that live in *Europe* reckon it the least Part of the World, but the best, so must Men of sense be allowed the superior Character though infinitely the inferior Number, no wonder then if you Ladies are persecuted with three Intollerables for one Agreeable, as for the Coxcomb and the Fool I see them coming towards us, but which of the other two Epithets will *Belinda* give to me. Ah Sir *John* [replied the Lady laughing] I wish you could as easily acquit yourself of one of the remaining Characters, as you have an undisputed Right to the other, but you cannot blame me if I say you have enough of the best Character and too much of the Worst, yet since you desire and I have partly promised that all should be forgiven, I will now go a step farther and endeavour to forget it too. Sir *John* took her Hand and kiss'd it as a return of thanks, which was all he had Time to do before they were joyn'd by the other two Gentlemen, he then asked Sir *Combisb* if he might expect his Company to *London* in the Morning? Ask the Lady [replied the Knight] her Vote must determine the Matter, if she says I am welcome to stay, you go alone, if otherways I am at your service, but I thought by the Kiss you gave her Hand just

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now

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now, you had been returning Thanks for leave to stay a little longer yourself. No Sir [returned *Belinda*] Sir *John Galliard* need not ask leave to stay any where, his Company will always be desired, but since he is resolved to rob us of it to-morrow, I think it pity he should want Company, for it is dull traveling by ones self. Friend *Clownish* was just going to make some notable Repartee when the Lady of the House came to them, and said, she believed it was Tea-time, so desired they would all walk in. How they imployed themselves the rest of the Day I know not, but next morning the two Knights and the growling Esquire took leave of the Ladies and returned to *London*, where every one fell to the Exercise and Diversion they best liked. Sir *John* had not been many Days in Town before he received a Letter from Lady *Galliard* as follows:

YOU shew'd so much Concern when I was last at *London*, for Mr. Friendly and his Family, that I imagine it will not displease you to hear farther from it, last Week I went to visit Mrs. Friendly, but did not expect to see Miss who has had a most melancholy Time ever since she came from *London*, but as she is very young and of an easy, cheerful, sweet Temper, she begins to recover her quiet a little and desired to see me, she told me I should see her little Mackroon [as she calls the Child] which when brought, methought I saw every Line and Feature of Sir *John Galliard's* Face in his, you know best whether you are the Father,

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ther, every Body believes you are, but the Mother who says you were not in the Nation at the unhappy Conception of it. I wish you would come and see yourself in Epitome, for if you are not Father to this, I am sure you never will be to one more of your own Likeness. I should now reproach you for your long Silence, and twenty other Things, but as I am fully determined to bury your Faults, this shall be the last Time I will [if possible] ever think of them, so you will but come to a Mother impatient to see you, and who will receive you with Transport and Pleasure.

E. Galliard.

Sir John who never heard Mr. Friendly's Family named, since the Injury he had done it, without some Concern, trembled as he read the Letter, and could not prevent a Sigh or two which forced their Way from a disordered Heart, sure [said he to himself] this one Action of my Life must be the worst because all the rest wear off while this alone sticks to my Mind, and brings an ungrateful Remembrance along with it. Poor Nancy Friendly, indeed I have done thee wrong, and such a wrong as nothing can repay, at least I know but one way and that I never can consent to. No Hymen forbid I should, and yet methinks the Girl has vast Desert, and I could wish my Fault undone—Why?—F—th I believe only to have the Pleasure of committing it again, well what must be, must be, and I could gladly see this little Likeness of mine, but how to face the

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charming

charming Mother—— No, it must not be, for I should either discover myself by a foolish Concern, or fall a Victim to my own Tenderness and marry the Girl to redeem her Honour while I intail a Slavery upon myself for Life--- No thank you *John*, he said, she it seems begins to be easy, and I will be so too, may a separate Blessing attend us both, and now I'll go to a Lady that cannot marry me in order to forget one that would. He had now an Intrigue with a new H-----t, whose Husband was very much a Man of the Town himself, but was not very willing to give his Wife the same Liberty he took, which made him look a little displeased when a certain Beau made pretty frequent Visits to her; it was by this Spark's Interest that Sir *John* had gain'd Admittance to her, and he happening to be the finest Man of the three, both Husband and Gallant were dispis'd, and Sir *John* fix'd in her Favour till something new supplanted him, as he had done his Predecessors, for Women are whimsical as well as Men and sometimes love Variety as well as they, but the poor---- C-----d must I call him? 'Tis an ugly Name, but it is much better than his Wive's, he I say found his Stomach grew squeamish, and could not digest the gross Proceedings of his Partner, who had now cured his Jealousy by Certainty, and made him resolve to chastise the Interloper that shared his Bed without his Leave. Poor Sir *John* who was but just admitted, and had never yet an Opportunity of receiving one single Favour above
leave

leave to make a Present or two, fell into the Trap, and paid not only for his own intended Faults, but the repeated ones of him that shew'd him the Way to it. The Husband, however, knew nothing of Sir *John Galliard*, nor had ever seen him; his Design was laid against the Notorious Offender, whose Insolence grew so intolerable, that he began to insult him in his own House: Of whom to be Revenged he let his Man into the Secret, and by his Assistance, carry'd on the following Design.

The Lady was gone in the Afternoon to the Park for Air, when the Good Man taking the Opportunity of her Absence, provided himself of an Ounce or two of Gun-powder, with which he made about Thirty Crackers, and placed them on a Row on each side the Stairs, but so dexterously, that they were not to be seen. As soon as he had done, he went to his Closet, and writ a few Lines, to be given to his Spouse at her Return.

I *Am going, my Dear, this Evening with three or four Honest Fellows to eat fresh Oysters at Billings-gate, it is very likely it will be late before I Return; let this desire you neither to expect me home, or be anxious for my Stay.*

Yours.

As soon as he had writ this Kind Epistle he gave it to his Lady's Maid, and bid her

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deliver it to her at her Return: And when he had given his Man a Key of a Closet at the Stairs-head where he was to act his Part, and farther Directions about the Affair in Projection, he really went, as said in the Letter. The Lady returned, read it, and immediately dispatched away her Emissary to let Sir *John Galliard* know of the favourable Opportunity that offered itself to promote their satisfaction. The Knight who was never backward at paying his Devoirs to a Fine Woman, promised to be with her in an Hour, being till then engaged. The Man that was left at home to execute his Master's Revenge lay snug in the Closet, where he could hear the first step set upon the stairs. The Hour was now expired, and the Visiting-Knock alarmed the Scout, who that Minute made ready to fire his Train, which as soon as the Punctual Sir *John* had advanced three or four steps, he did, and made such a D——e Noise about the poor Knight's Ears, that he was not only scared out of his senses, but he had his Wigg and Linnen set o'fire, and his Hands, Face and Bosom very much scorched: He stood the shock of the Ambuscade on the Middle of the stairs till it had spent its Force, not knowing in the Fright whether he had best go forward or backward; while the Expecting Lady in the Dining-Room stood staring and surpris'd at the unusual Noise, full of Wonder from whence it came; but it was now over, and she ventured to the stairs-head, where she saw Sir *John* like a smoked Flich of Bacon,
and

and burning his Fingers to put out his Flames, which were so perfectly extinguish'd that the poor Lady never had any share of them; for the Knight supposing she had a Hand in the Contrivance turned from her, and went with the utmost Precipitation out of the House to his Lodgings, where he sent for a Surgeon, and was forced for some Weeks to keep his Chamber. O poor Sir *John*!

The Lady whom he left at the stairs-head when she saw her greatest Beloved vanish, as it were like the D——l with smoke and stink, began to inquire the Cause, and what it was that made such Ratling Doings in the House? But no-body could satisfy her Curiosity. While she was disputing the Matter among her Maids, not a little vexed at her Disappointment, the Fellow in the Closet made a shift to convey himself privately out of Doors, and went with Tidings to his Master, as order'd. He was both surpris'd and vex'd when he heard the Person that received his Noisy Revenge was not the Man he expected. I find [said he] my Wife provides against Disappointment, and lays in a stock of Lovers against a Dear Year; Do you not know who the New Stallion is? I know no more of him, Sir [return'd the Man] than that he has been twice at our House, and I once heard my Mistress call him Sir *John*. O very well [reply'd the Husband] she has been dealing among the Officers and Merchants ever since I Married her, and now she begins to aspire to Quality. Well, I hope Sir *John*,

as

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as she calls him, has got enough however; Come Sirrah, since it is so, go you and fetch me a fresh W—— if she proves a Fire-ship, I'll carry her Present to my Dear Wife, that she may disperse it among her Multitude, that so their Crime may be attended with a certain Punishment, and every one share alike: 'Tis a compendious Revenge, and reaches all, like a Feast of Poisou to a Crowd of Rats. The Man obey'd, brought the S——t, and conducted her to a private Apartment; the Consequence I never inquir'd after, but may guess it prov'd as intended. The Gentleman then repair'd to his Dwelling, who was met by his Wife in the Entry, My Dear [she said] our House is haunted.

I know it, my Life [return'd the Loving Spouse] it has been so a great While with the spirit of Concupiscence, which I fancy you are too fond of to endeavour to lay. I know not what you mean [answersd the Innocent Lady] but I really believe the D——l has been here he left such a stink behind him; and for a Minute I thought he had been taking the House along with him there was such Thundering Doings on the stairs. Good lack [said the Tender Spouse] why here has been sad Doings indeed: But if the D——l had taken the House, so he would but have left the stairs and the Stallion upon them, I dare say your Good-nature would have pardon'd the rest of the Damage, and promised your Soul as a Reward for the great Civility. Lard! Child

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[reply'd Madam] you are strangely out of Humour to-Night; indeed I did see a Gentleman on the stairs, but did not know his Name was *Stallion*; and I was so frightened I never asked it. Bless us! how came you to know on't, I am afraid you deal with the D---l, and dare say he wanted you.

I believe he did [return'd the Spouse] for you and I are one: Pray what Colour was he of? Colour [said she] he was so black I should have taken him for the Fiend that made the Noise, but that I saw a Full-bottom'd Wigg in Flames; and I never heard the D---l was a Beau.

Verily, my Fair One [reply'd the scoffing Husband] you grow strangely ignorant, I never took you for a downright Wit; but methinks, your small Understanding begins to dwindle into nothing: Come, let us to Bed, and try if Sleep can recover what seems to decay.

Poor Sir *John* was now doing Pennance, and the Fiery Trial he had so lately gone through made him believe there was a *Purgatory* in this World, whatever there was in another. He had had a Long Voluptuous Reign, without any considerable Disturbance till this last Engagement, which proved very mortifying; and upon which he had Leisure Hours to make the following Remarks.

He said to himself, A common Woman, like a common Thief, was best to deal with, because nothing worse than what we may reasonably

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sonably expect can happen from either; but a sly lurking Whore or Thief, steals upon us insensibly, and draws us to Ruin in the midst of security, where we can have no Defence, because we fear no Danger. Again, to intrigue with a Married Woman was [as Experience had lately taught him] a very unsafe Thing, because the Love or Jealousy, or both, of the Husband often makes him watchful; while the Policy of the Wife, to establish her Character in his Opinion, sacrifices the Lover to her own Designs, and brings him in the whole Criminal, when he should only have been a sharer with herself.

These Thoughts, and some other of the same Kind made the Knight resolve against a Married Mistress for the Time to come, tho' he often said, the best Way to shew a Man his Folly in running into Matrimony was to lie with his Wife, and let him know it. While he was thus entertaining himself with Thoughts, one of his Servants brought him a Letter, which contained something a little unusual.

Dear Knight,

AS Partners are, or should be always Friends, I hope the sharing of a Woman betwixt us will make no Difference, at least, when I am sole Proprietor, and yet willing to give up Part of my Right to One I never saw. Business, which You know must be done, calls me away for a few Days; and as my Dear Wife may have Business

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ness too, I beg You will assist her in it till my Return: Women, You know, when alone, are but indifferent Contrivers; and if I leave my Spouse a Good Assistant in the Person of Sir John Galliard [for that I bear is Your Name] I shall expect least Your Thanks for the Favour, and a Positive Answer per Bearer, who will tell You how to Direct it, or at least convey it safe to the Hand of

Your most Affectionate,

Humble C——d.

Sir John had so many Humble C——ds all over the Town, that, being a stranger to the Hand, he could not possibly tell from whom the Kind Invitation came; and was at a stand-till he called for, and Examined the Messenger, who made no scruple [as by Order] to let him know he came from the Master of the last House he had been at. Sir John being persuaded the Wife was the Contriver, at least an Accomplice in the Cracker-Scheme, was resolved, by way of Revenge, to answer the Letter as little to their satisfaction as the Visit was to his; he therefore order'd the Fellow to wait, and writ what you may read.

Dear

Dear C——d,

THOU art certainly one of the *Civilest* Cornutes I ever had yet to deal with; and to let Thee see I have some Good-Manners, I ha. send my Thanks for the Kind Invitation You have sent me, but am forced to tell You, the Feast is too luscious, and has cloy'd me more than once. I therefore desire You will enquire after somebody that has a stronger Stomach, and a better Digestion, to eat up those Orts You keck at Yourself. And now, by Way of Postscript, Thou art to know, that I should have sent Thee another sort of Message, but that I think it a little hard to lye with Thy Wife, and then kill Thee for it.

J. G.

I might here tell the Reader what Effects this Letter had upon the Loving Pair it went to : But as Domestick Jars are trifling to those that have nothing to do with them, I shall say no more of the Matter, but go back to Sir *John*, whose Mortification daily increased, when he considered he was not only confined to his Lodgings, but to a Parcel of stale Mistresses, of whom he had long been tired, and no present Hope of Dear Variety : Beside, he saw himself a standing Jest to them, and every one made an Invidious Remark upon his Misfortune, though none of them knew how he came by it. Lard ! Sir *John* [cry'd one of the Queens]

Queens] you look as if you had got a slap over the Nose with a *French Faggot-stick*. Another said, he had burnt his Fingers playing at Hot-Cockles with the Drabs of *Drury*. A Third said, she believed his Heart had got a Fever, and his Stomach had been blister'd for it. All which, for the present, he was forced to bear, but resolved to leave the Town for some time, as soon as his Face was fit to be seen, which took up more Weeks than he was at first aware of. But what is Resolution without Inclination to keep it? Sir *John* was no sooner in a Condition to go Abroad, than he began to despise the Thoughts of the Country: He was now once more at liberty to cater for himself, and seek out New Game, after a surfeit of the Old. He had one choice Companion, among a great many more, whose Name was *Boufie*, and had been his Adviser and Assister in most of his Irregular Actions. This Gentleman was one Night at the Drawing-Room with a Good, Clever, Pretty Woman, when Sir *John* came there: And as he was always quick-fighted towards a New Female, he presently singled her out for his own, that is, till he had enough of her: He therefore made towards *Boufie*, and, after the common Compliment, asked him aside, What Lady he had got? *Boufie* told him, it was his Sister; and hoped that Information would be sufficient to prevent all farther Inquiry after her, since he believed Sir *John* was too much his own Friend to marry any Woman, and too much his to debauch so

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near a Relation ; but farther declar'd, that if he ever did attempt her Honour, he should meet with all the Resentment his Sword or Arm was capable of shewing. Sir *John* laugh'd at his Threats, and said, Why, how now *Boufie* ? I have often heard you say, nay swear, there was not an Honest Woman within the Four Seas : And what the D ——— I is thy Sister more than the rest of her Sex ? Or, what is my Fault, that I may not have her as soon as another ? Keep your Temper, Sir *John*, [reply'd Bully *Boufie*] while Peace is the Word Bilbo sleeps, but War will ensue, if you rouse the Dragon. You will have need of one [return'd Sir *John*] to guard your Golden Pippin ; for you may depend upon it, I shall attack, and with some Fury too. *Boufie* said, the Place they were in admitted of no Dispute ; turned away, and went again to the Lady.

Sir *John*, on the other side, Entertained the Fine Females of his Acquaintance with his usual Address and Gallantry, which *Boufie* observed, and took that Opportunity of carrying off his Sister, as he called her ; but was in Reality an Innocent Girl, on whom he had Honourable Designs. However, they did not get so cleverly away, but Sir *John*'s watchful Eye catch'd their *Exit*, and immediately made his own to keep within View of them, tho' they knew it not, or ever once imagined he was near them.

But

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But mark the Fate which Curiosity and Love of Variety brings upon us; Sir *John*, fond of a New Face, which he resolv'd, if possible, to be better acquainted with, dog'd both her and *Boufie* into a Tavern. They took up a Room, and Sir *John* the next to it, into which he convey'd himself without Noise or Light, by a Wink on the Drawer, who, by the Force of Half a Crown, was drawn to his Interest, and there heard all that pass'd betwixt them; but another of the Drawers, who saw him go in the dark, and was in Fee with Mr. *Boufie*, whisper'd him in the Ear, and told him where Sir *John* was. He nodded his Head, and bid the Fellow be gone. He then took the Lady to the other End of the Room, as if to shew her something writ upon a Pane in the Window; and there begg'd of her, that when they return'd to their Seats she would seemingly comply with whatever he propos'd to her; and he would give her his Reasons another time. She consented, and they went again to the Fire. *Boufie* then ask'd her how she liked the Drawing-Room, and the Fine Ladies she saw there? Nay, Mr. *Boufie* [answer'd she] that Question ought to have been put to you; mine should have been, how I liked the Fine Gentlemen? But who was that you Talked to while we were there? I think he was much the Handsomest Man in the Room.

Boufie was not a little vex'd to hear her say so, because he knew Sir *John* did so too; but told her, that Gentleman was a Baronet, one

who had had a general Fund of Love for the whole Female World, and there is not a Woman in this Town that has Youth and Beauty to reconcile her to his Notice, but he either has had, will have, or would have an Intrigue with. I durst lay five Pieces, he is this Minute at my Lodgings enquiring after yours; for which Reason, if you will oblige me in so small a Matter, you shall change them this very Night, and lye in your Aunt *Hannah's* Bed till she returns from *Hamstead*: But don't you dream of the Knight, for them very Lodgings were his once; and it was there I knew him first.

The Lady stared at what she did not understand, but seem'd to comply? and when they had Supp'd, away they went: But Sir *John* was before-hand with them, who no sooner heard how the Lady was to be dispos'd on, and preserv'd from him, than he got out of his Hole, and went off, in order to secure her.

When he lodg'd in the House *Boufie* spoke of, he lost the Key of his Bed-Chamber-Door [the same the Lady was to lye in] and got another made; but he having left the first at a Friend's House, he got it again, and laid it by, lest he should happen to lose the other: The fair Opportunity of getting to the Lady soon reminded him of it, and he went directly home, put it in his Pocket, and then took his way towards *Boufie's* Lodgings; where being well known, he went directly up-Stairs, without

without any Questions ask'd, or Notice taken, as if he had been going to *Boufie*, with whom he us'd sometimes to lye; and by the Help of the Key, he convey'd himself into the Chamber, where he expected the Lady, laughing in his Sleeve, to think how he should mump poor *Boufie* with all his Blustering; and when he had fix'd himself to his own liking he lay Perdue, waiting for the Happy Approach of the Lady.

Mean while *Boufie*, who well knew Sir *John* would leave no Attempt untry'd to get to his Mistress, conducted her safe to her own Lodgings, and then went to an Old Madam of his Acquaintance, and desired her to put a Girl into his Hands that had not lately been under the Surgeons. In short, he would have one [he said] that could pepper, tho' she was not Pepper-Proof. The B—d understood him, and accordingly supply'd him; he gave the Girl her Q, told her what to say, and conducted her to the Chamber-Door, where he bid her Good-Night, and left her. It was now *Boufie's* Turn to laugh, who knew Sir *John* had a Key to that Door, and did not doubt but he had already taken Possession, when he heard he had been up-Stairs, and nobody saw him come down again.

This Rencounter proved the very worst that ever poor Sir *John* was engaged in; for tho' he had had many Skirmishes with the Ladies, they had hitherto prov'd light ones: But in this last Battle he was almost Mortally wound-

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ed: And it gave him such a thorough Mortification, that he swore to himself, if ever he got well again he would demand Satisfaction of *Bouffe*, and then retire into the Country, where he design'd to continue some Time before he saw *London* again.

Bouffe, on the other Side, who knew a Quarrel would ensue, plaid least in Sight till Sir *John* was laid up pretty safe for a while, and then got the Girl's Consent to marry her, which when over he went directly into the Country to her Father's House; and I never heard Sir *John* and he met afterwards; for he thought it not worth his while to follow him, and so the Breach heal'd itself. But the Knight grew excremably impatient; and tho' he could not reach *Bouffe* with the Point of his Sword, he sent many a Curse after the Cause of his Sufferings, and more Intolerable Confinement: but Time recall'd his former Health and Liberty; neither of which obstructed his Design of going into the Country, because he began to be tired of the Town.

The next Post he sent Lady *Galliard* a very welcome Epistle, with his Resolution of making her a Visit in a few Days. She immediately prepar'd for a Sumptuous Reception of him in the Country, and he in Town for a Speedy Journey to her. In Three Days he arriv'd at *Galliard-Hall*, from whence he had been Four whole Years. His Mother receiv'd him with Open Joyful Arms; and making bold with a Line or two of Mr. *Cowley's*, said,

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*Go let the Fatted Calf be Kill'd,
My Prodigal's come home at last.*

May I, Sir *John* [continu'd she] repeat the
Two next Lines?

*With Noble Resolution fill'd,
And filld with Sorrow for the past.*

But before Sir *John* could make any Return to what Lady *Galliard* said, the poor disconsolate Mr. *Friendly*, who expected him much about the Hour he came, enter'd the Hall to make him a Kind and Early Visit, but with Looks so alter'd, that Sir *John*, conscious of the Cause, beheld him as well with a Pitying, as a Guilty Eye; he saw a Man, once Happy in his Family and Fortune, Reduced to the utmost Disquietudes, and laid under the Heavy Pressures of a continu'd Uneasiness; he observ'd his Eyes grown languid, his Cheeks pale and thin; the whole Man wasted, lean and old with Trouble; when at the same Time he was forced to Reproach himself, and secretly say — Ah! *Galliard!* thou art the Cause of all. Mr. *Friendly* [said he, taking him to his Arms] I cannot say I am glad to see you, because I can hardly persuade myself 'tis you: Believe me, Sir, a good-natur'd Tear steals to my Eyes to see so great an Alteration in you.

O Sir

O Sir *John* [reply'd that worthy Man] you see, in me, a Wretch depriv'd of Joy, of Ease, of Comfort; one, whose daily Reflections on his own Misfortunes make Havock of his Peace, and is in continual Struggles with my Heart to rend its Strings asunder. I cannot look back to the Happy Time, when I could have told myself, none upon Earth enjoy'd more, or greater Tranquility than I; none was surrounded with greater Blessings: And when I tell myself how great a Change succeeded all my Bliss; it withers all my Reason, blows a blasting Vapor over my Philosophy, and makes me wish I had been born wretched, to prevent the Knowledge of what I have lost,

I see Sir *John* [continu'd he] you pity your poor Afflicted Friend, your Eyes declare the Sentiments of your Heart for one, who, if he has any Remains of Content, it is to see you again in Safety at your own House; and may the Return of your Reason recall your scatter'd Resolutions and force them to joyn in the firmest Bands to make you my Reverse: May Kind Heaven shower down all those Blessings on your Head, which it has seen good to deprive me of.

These Words were succeeded by a pretty long Silence, and some Tears on both Sides, when Sir *John* raising his Eyes from the Ground, found a sudden Alteration in his Breast, Honour, Pity, Gratitude, and every Noble Passion of the Mind, had seiz'd the whole

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whole Man, as if they had combin'd by Force of Arms to rescue his Soul from all their own Opposites.

He could not hear such Kind Expressions from a Man he had so greatly injur'd, without the utmost Remorse; and as he now began to look upon his past Life with some Contempt, he felt the Dawnings of a secret Impulse, to do the Injur'd Justice.

Come Mr. *Friendly* [said the Knight] call up your Courage to your own Assistance, and try to banish this corroding Grief that preys upon your very Vitals. I confess I am not much acquainted with the Decrees of Heaven, nor have I ever much concern'd myself about them: but if there be any such Thing, they will certainly disengage your Innocent Heart from that black Cloud which eclipses all your Joy, and taints all your Morfels with the worst of Bitters: you have often, and I believe with much Sincerity, declar'd yourself my Friend; I now give you here my Hand, as an Earnest of a most Faithful Return; and promise, in the Presence of an Unseen BEING, that I will do all I can to restore your Ease ———
Nay, do not look surpris'd; that Promise has Weight and Energy in it, and will do more than you at present comprehend. Tell me, may I see poor *Nancy Friendly*? Your Words Sir *John* [reply'd the Father] thrills through every Vein, and reaches my Afflicted Broken Heart: Oh! say, but say it soon, Are you the Father of her Child? And will you do
her

her Justice? Tell me I conjure you, was she consenting to her own undoing, and has she lied thus long, in saying she knew not when her Shame commenced. *Mr Friendly* [returned *Sir John*] it is a little uncustomary as well as unnatural to accuse ourselves, but I dare venter to excuse her, and believe her a Woman of strict Virtue and Honour, nor did I ever propose any Thing to her that could touch either, which I am satisfied she will confirm if she will give me leave to see her, and that I earnestly desire to do. You shall freely have my Consent to see her [replied *Mr. Friendly*] but she has never seen the Face of any Man but mine since her Child was born, who is now turn'd of two Years old, and has, I must needs say, the very Face of *Sir John Galliard*.

If you see her, at least if she sees you, it must be by chance, she often walks in the Garden, which is her utmost Limits, and if you come in an Afternoon and rush in abruptly upon us, she will have no Time to abscond and then you must see her of Course, but *Sir John*, the Answers you have made to my past Questions seem a little ambiguous; if you are what you have promised to be, my Friend, you will at once end those Sufferings which I now must believe you have created, and if so, 'tis doubling your Cruelty to procrastinate my Ease. When we are once possess'd our Malady is incurable, answered *Sir John*, a few Minutes make but a trifling Addition, and there is no Happiness so exquisit as that we are surprized into. I desire
Mr.

Mr. *Friendly* will dine with me to-morrow, and at your Return home this Night, take no Notice of my Design, convey my Service to your Lady and Daughter, but give them no reason to expect a Visit so soon. Mr. *Friendly*, as desired, dined the next Day with Sir *John*, whose Impatience to see the young Lady made him both hasten and shorten his Meal, which when over, Mr. *Friendly* went back to get his Daughter into the Garden, and had not been there ten Minutes before the Knight appeared. Miss *Friendly* blush'd extremely at the Sight, and look'd with some Displeasure at the Freedom he took, which he would not mind, but going up hastily to her gave her a Country-kiss, and cry'd, *Nancy*, how dost Girl. That very Minute Mr. *Friendly* was call'd in to hear a Cause [for he was a Justice of the Peace] betwixt two well-bred Scolds, whose Tongues had given place to their Fingers, and Blood-shed and Battery ensued. But the poor young Lady was in double Confusion when she saw herself alone with Sir *John*, and said, I cannot give you Sir the common Compliment of saying, I am glad to see you, because I am glad to see no body, for Gladness has left my Heart ever since I had my little Boy: I have got a little Boy Sir *John*, did you never hear of it, but he is a fatherless one, for no body will own him, and I can lay him to no body's Charge, all People say he is like Sir *John Galliard*, but I am sure he is no way concerned in his Being, because he was gone to *France* when my little Mackroon was begotten.

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begotten. No Matter Madam [replied Sir *John*] where I was, since he is so much my Likeness, I'll adopt him and take him for my own, whoever is the Father, *Nancy Friendly* is undoubtedly the Mother, and I will never be ashamed to father her Productions. Will you give him to me? Give him! Sir *John* [returned the Lady] do you think I want a charitable Hand to take my Child off mine? No! As you have already observed, I am certainly the Mother, though I can still say some unknown Chance bestow'd him upon me, and it is very possible you, with the rest of the World, will laugh at me when I affirm it, yet it is true, and perhaps he may yet live to recompence those melancholy Hours his Birth has given me. When he first made his Appearance in Life, I had an Abhorrence to the very sight of him, but Nature pleaded strongly in his Behalf, and I must own he is now so dear to me that the Wealth of the Universe should not buy him from me, but see where the little Chance-ling comes. Sir *John* at Nature's Call, ran to meet it, took it to his Bosom and embraced it with a Father's Love. It is indeed my Representative [said the real Papa] and what have you called him? *John* [answer'd the Lady] after my own Father. And after his own Father too [return'd the Knight] for ought you know. since you are at a Loss to find out who that is. That is too true [return'd she] I am so unhappy as to be a perfect Stranger to him that wounded my Honour, blasted my Fame, and left my Mind a continued Chaos never

ver to know either Form or Regularity more, don't you pity me Sir *John*? Yes, I am sure you do, for our Fathers always loved, and you and I have never quarrel'd: You make me melancholy Madam [replied the Knight] upon my S——l you do, but come my *Nancy* I'll get you a Husband shall banish all your Shame and re-establish that Peace in your Mind which seems at such a Distance. Ah Sir *John* [returned she] I do not want a Husband for my self, but a Father for my Child, and till he is found I will never know a Man, as for my Shame it is too well establish'd to be displaced, 'tis entail'd upon my wretched Days for ever, and Peace is become so great a Stranger that if it were to make me a Visit I should look surpris'd and cry I know you not. But suppose *Nancy* [return'd Sir *John*] I should chance to be let into this grand Secret, and can tell you who the Father of your Child is, suppose he should prove an inferior Rascal, and I, in pity to your Wrongs, and instigated by Friendship, should offer to marry you, which would you take? Neither Sir [replied the Lady] for I have already declared against any but the Father of my Child, and I should soon declare against him too, if he should prove what you have described, No, I'll never think of Marriage, even that will never retrieve my lost Credit, the good natured World knows my Fault, and it will be sure to keep it in continual Remembrance. You wrong yourself Madam [answer'd Sir *John*] when you own a Crime you
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are not guilty of, you say you know nothing of the Fault laid to your Charge, how then are you culpable?

Alas Sir [answered she] is not my Child a living Demonstration against me, and who do you think will believe me when I urge Innocence and Ignorance. I will my dear *Nancy* [said the Knight] snatching her to his Arms, I know your Innocence, I am the Brute that wrong'd you of what you held dear, that plundered your Honour and caused your Shame, the Father of your Child, and the Ravisher of his Mother, but—— Hold Sir *John* [interrupted Miss *Friendly*] you have said too much already to be believed, this condescending Confession must proceed from your Height of Friendship, you love my Father and would take a bad Bargain off his Hands, he, as well as I ought to acknowledge the Favour, but it would be the worst Return in Life to believe Sir *John Galliard's* Soul could be guilty of so poor, so low, so base an Action, no, in pity to yourself unsay it all, and keep up that good Opinion I alwas had of your Merit. Look *Nancy* [returned the Knight] this is too nice a Point to be entered into with much Examination, and I have certainly done Things since I was born which perhaps I should blush at now; but if I am willing to own my Fault and make you Restitution I would not have you give yourself Airs, but take me at my Word when [Liberty forgive me] I say I will marry you, and if your lost Honour be what you esteem

ment, I will restore it with the Addition of a Ladyship and a good Estate. The poor Lady trembled with Resentment, but recalling her Temper said as follows: Your barbarous Usage Sir *John*, might very well countenance a firm Resolution of seeing your Face no more, which I should certainly make were I only to suffer for it, but I have a Child which is very dear to me, and in pity to him I will close with your Proposals, provided you will promise to order Matters so, that he may be the undoubted Heir to your Estate, I know it must be the Work of a Parliament, and you must expose yourself on such an Occasion, but as you are the only Aggressor you must be the Sufferer too: These are the Conditions, Sir *John*, if ever you and I meet again. Madam [said the Knight] I have promised to marry you, and if I can but keep in that mind till the Deed confirms my Word, I shall never after deny you any thing; your Child I am sure is mine, and it would be a pitty to let him suffer for my Faults: No! *Nancy*, I'll find a way without the Legislature, to make him Heir to all, but here's your Father coming, whose Advice I will always follow for the future, let us meet him and go in.

Miss *Friendly*'s Affairs look'd now with a very propitious Aspect, and Sir *John* who had for many Years indulged an Aversion to a settled State of Life, was now resolved to hasten his new Design lest a returning Qualm should rise to stop his generous and honourable Intentions.

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The very Night before the Nuptials young *Friendly* return'd from his Travels, a most compleat, clever Gentleman, to the unspeakable Joy of his glad Parents, it was whisper'd that a Love-Suit commenced betwixt him and Miss *Dolly Galliard*, but as they were the very Reverse of one another I dare not affirm it, but shall leave their Story to that grand Tell-tale Old Father TIME, to begin and finish.

As for Sir *John Galliard* I would have him acknowledge the Favour I have done him, in making him a Man of Honour at last, but withall I here tell him I have set two Spies to watch his Motions and Behaviour, and if I hear of any false Steps or Relapses, I shall certainly set them in a very clear Light, and send them by Way of Advertisement to the Publick.



FINIS.